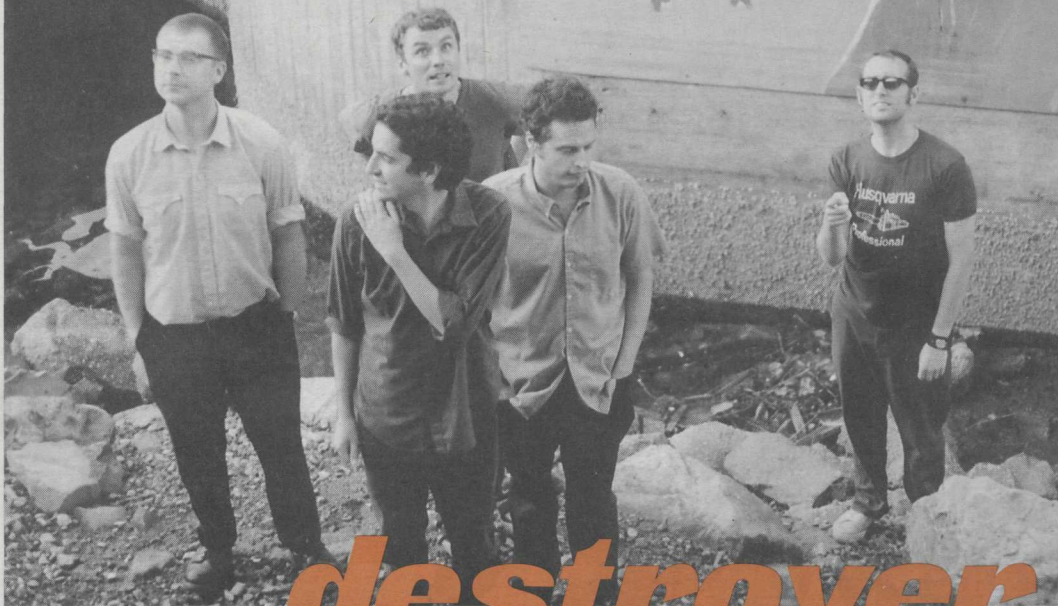


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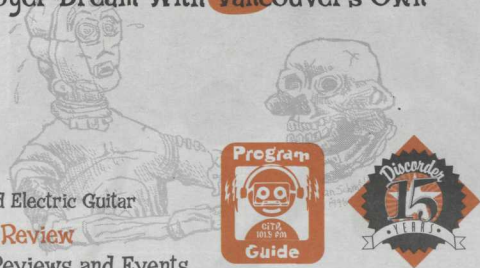
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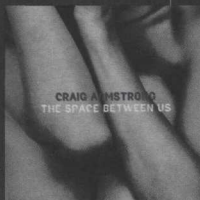
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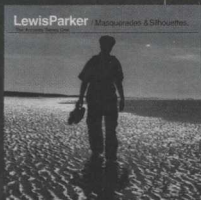


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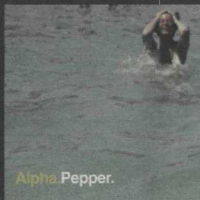


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DISCORDER

ISSUE 188 • SEPTEMBER 1998 THAT MAGAZINE FROM CTR, 101.9 FM

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LOOKING BACK ...

DISCORDER
That Magazine From CTR 101.9 FM
September 1987 - Now & Forever



SEPTEMBER, 1987

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COVER

NIC BRAGG CAPTURES THE ESSENCE OF DESTROYER, COVER BOY/BAND FOR THIS YEAR'S ANNUAL LOCAL MUSIC ISSUE, COMPLETE WITH FEATURES, PROFILES, AND DIRECTORY. COVER DESIGN BY KENNY PAUL.

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DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the October issue is September 16th. Ad space is available until September 23rd and can be booked by calling Kevin at (604) 822-3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc (Mac, preferably) or in type. As always, English is preferred.

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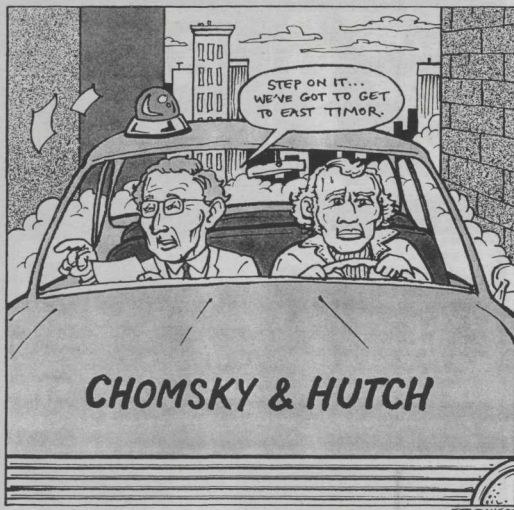
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Reluctant Ambassadors by Ted Dave



Vancouver Special



COAL

One Track Mind (Coal Music)

Coal's rocky, sexy music has been included in several movie sound tracks (including, most recently, an independent film called *The Widower*) and it's easy to see why: there's something about listening to the lush, smoky sounds of this band that makes you feel like you've been transported to the middle of some alternate Jim Jarmusch-like universe. Coal describes their sound on this long-awaited second CD as "psychedelic western noir" (they've dropped the word "lounges" in recent years), but that description hardly prepares you for the rare combination of sadness, strength, and hard-won wisdom in singer Nicole's voice, or the wistful introspection in the rhytmless poetry that makes up the lyrics. These are big, drifting songs that generally avoid easy hooks, instead building atmosphere out of rich, waxy guitars and hauntingly low cool-sweet vocals. "Invisible Man" is the standout song here (and the CD includes a QuickTime video for it, directed by bassist Marcus, for those of you whose CD-ROM drives are working), introduced by an enchanting

Cramps-like guitar line. And I'll go ahead and spoil the surprise: famed drummer Ian Tilles sings the last song!

DAL-DIL-VOG Elephant Head (Dal-Dil-Vog Enterprises)

Dal-Dil-Vog is without a doubt the most famous band ever to toss a CD my way, according to them, their videos have been seen by almost a billion (yes, that's a B) people in Asia. Back in this part of the world, they won a CFOX Battle of the Bands contest and were recently named one of North America's best unsigned acts in a magazine. No doubt the multitudes of lower Mainlanders who go to see DDV at local festivals (they played at the PNE on September 1st with *Damn the Diva*) would agree, but I'm afraid that I can't. Although Elephant Head is supposed to sound like what the band calls "The New World Beat," a combination of bhangra, pop, rock, and funk, comparing them to *Cornershop* would be a bit like comparing *John Tesh* to *Stereolab*. (And which one of those has been seen by a billion people? Hmmmm...) To me, these songs lean too far toward MOR

adult FM radio pop and too far away from the bhangra, but who am I to argue? Almost a billion people can't be wrong. Nerdy critic that I am, I'll stay at home and listen to my limited edition *Cornershop 7"*.

THE CRAWLERS Dance Till Dawn (Ape Dog)

If I were a schoolgirl, I'd be waiting until my parents were in bed so I could climb out of my bedroom window to meet up with *The Crawl-ers*, who pull out all the stops with their *Chris Isaak* slide-guitar sexiness, good-natured harmonies, snarly lead vocals, and rock-steady beat. *Dance Till Dawn* is loaded with fast-paced, country-tinged roots-rockabilly songs about girls, first kisses, girls, trains, and girls. To top it all off, their promotional photo has them posing in Jim's Harley-Diner in Delta, looking for all the world like squeaky-clean pals of Richie Cunningham at Alf's Drive-in, and they have been known to play at car rallies. Luckily, I'm old enough to have my own *Valiant* now and can stay out as late as I want, so I plan on seeing them live the first chance I get.

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SEPTEMBER 25.26.27 '98

Grumpy Old Dog



BY BK

My phone rang one Thursday afternoon in August. A friend had an extra ticket to see the Backstreet Boys and couldn't find anyone to go with her. I laughed. Then I hung up. I was worried that she might ask me if I wanted to see the show and, given my pledge to KEEP AN OPEN MIND, I would have been, at least somewhat, inclined to give the Boys a try. But that's not the end of the story. My friend knows Becky, my 15-year-old sister. They happened to be chatting on the Internet that day. My friend mentioned the extra ticket and, later that afternoon, my phone rang again. It was Becky. "I'm flying in tomorrow night," she said. "I'm going to see the Backstreet Boys."

I sighed relief. What a lucky stroke. Not only did I not have to worry about keeping an open mind, but I would get a chance to spend some time with Becky.

Saturday night rolled around and I stood beaming as Becky left for GM Place and her brush with the Boys. Then I threw on my blackest clothes and headed off to Bauhaus. It was a perfect evening. We met back at my apartment after our respective concerts to compare notes. I thought Bauhaus was a great show. She thought the same thing about the Backstreet Boys performance. It was like we had agreed to disagree ... on some things.

Becky scanned through my CD collection while she was here and discovered some things she liked: the new releases from Hothouse Flowers and the Sundays, Norwegian fiddle player Annebjørn Lien, and Rose Melberg's solo release, *Parola*.

As for me, I actually watched *MuchMusic* for the first time in, well, forever. I noticed a plethora of bands of boys, each group fulfilling the requisite stereotypes: hyper blonde

Californian, dark brooding Latino, jock, bad-ass, sensitive, tender. None of them, I noticed, wore prescription glasses — unless those shades hide more than bloodshot eyeballs. There were also a great many solo women acts and all of them seem to perform under their first name: Monica, Sonja, Brandy. I didn't see any Estelles or Bernadettes. I wondered quietly to myself how much market research went into naming those women.

I thought about advising Becky to think about, even research, the corporate power structure of the music industry, but then thought better of it. At the Billy Bragg show in August, he mentioned that during his tour through the States he'd noticed an '80s revival happening. He warned us to "avoid it at all costs."

I went to see Bauhaus anyway. I loved it. So much for Billy's advice. And so much for mine. •

Staplegun showdown



• ZINES BY MiMiC

SPRIT OF '72 Vol.1 No. 1 8 1/2 x 5 1/2, 40 pages

Chris has come quite a ways since his early days of zining with *Superior Tenderness and Flavour*. No more fussing over the municipal quirks of Victoria. No more meek interviews asking questions about cake vs. candy and whether the interviewees will go out with him. Relocated to the big city, Chris is older, stronger, more patriotic, and ready for a new zine that accurately reflects his priorities.

Spirit of '72 is just that, a slick new zine brought to you by the "Canadian Culture Liberation Front" that fuels Chris' alternating angst and joyride into an entry celebrating (and demanding the celebration of) a chunk of turf which 30 million of us call home. This rag is polished to a shine. Spiffy layouts, higher-profile contributors and a quality showcase of Canadian observations are delivered straight to your door in the tried-and-true fanzine format. The selections are sopping with more wit and giddiness than an episode of *Air Force*, from the long-winded plea for Canadians to recognize and accept their childhood **Mega-Fellers** to the awarding of Cub

Scout-type badge awards to underappreciated Canuck folk. Sandwiched in a lot of hockey talk and you've got a zine no less diverse than the country it stands for. *Spirit of '72* looks good, real good. Perhaps it will, to quote Betsy Blitch-Muffin's column, "transform the word 'Canadiana' from a nine-letter four letter word ... to the name brand of all things nifty." (Send \$2 to Chris Eng, PO Box 21538, 1850 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, BC, V5N 4A0/ e-mail: cje@intergate.bc.ca)

THE MAKEOUT CLUB #8

8 1/2 x 5 1/2, 44 pages

It feels awfully strange to be reviewing the words of a girl who was once *DISORDER* (and my) authority on zines. This is a nonthreatening personal zine, contrary to what I expected from Vancouver's spoken word queen, Trish. Her writing is strong and you can see she's always working to strengthen it. Her narratives are simple and straightforward, allowing her experiences to speak for themselves. Particularly engaging was "Flight of the Butterfly," in which Trish attempts to simultaneously come out to her best friend and out her first female love interest. She discusses her sexu-

ality ("definitively"), still struggling to pin it down. I especially enjoyed the poems responding to a piece Lawrence Ferlinghetti wrote about the lack of "music" in modern poetry. Instead of just arguing her side of the matter, she puts her point into action. *The Makeout Club* is certainly worth your time. (Send \$1 + stamps to Trish Kelly, Box 33-345 E. Broadway, Vancouver, BC, V5T 1W5/ e-mail: trishkelly@yahoo.com)

DEVIAN'T (Mind's Eye Presents #9)

8 1/2 x 5 1/2, 10 pages

Robin Bougie's newest edition of *Mind's Eye Comics* takes a plunge into the realm of bizarre sexual behavior. The art is extremely friendly and clear as usual, and his depictions of these allegedly true, perverse stories apply his untalented ability to make light (and laughter) of the most fucked up situations. Robin's comics have a typically ziney feel to them, maintained in this case with write-ups of more weird sex stuff. If you can handle the creepy scenarios, you'll find this comic very satisfying. (Send \$2 to Robin Bougie, 5253 1st Ave., Vancouver, BC, V5V 1G2)*



In Memory Of Keith (Courage) Aucoin

Born: Jan. 18, 1967

Died: June 25, 1998

DJ'd the "Something" show on CTR.
He will be missed.

Demo Derby

BY SARAH EFRON AND LINDSAY POAPS • citrnews@mail.ams.ubc.ca



More groups have been using theatre as a way of spreading political awareness. **Bread and Puppets** hosts an annual gathering of workshops and performances in Vermont and **Wise Fool Puppet Intervention** in San Francisco creates giant puppets for street demonstrations. **Art & Revolution** gatherings have happened in various cities in North America to bring together people to create political street theatre, music, dance and puppets. Here in Vancouver, a collective called **Ghost In The Machine** is performing political theatre at various events. During **APEC** at UBC, the group presented a skit about the effects of multinational corporations. The group had another performance as part of Vancouver's first **Reclaim the Street** party, at which people took over a street near Grandview Park. They acted out a piece based on Dr. Seuss' *The Lorax*, in which an evil entrepreneur chops down all the "truffle trees" to turn them into "thneedies," a parody of how markets create artificial consumer needs. *Ghost In The Machine* also

performed at the **Under the Volcano** festival and the **Stoltman Ecofest** under the Lifford on August 29. August 8th and 9th marked the fifth anniversary of the arrests of 500 people at **Claycoquit Sound**. The gathering reunited 350 people on Subbas Island, 15 minutes west of Telmo. The event was more of a party than a political event, although it did feature workshops on building activist alliances and local economies. Speeches were given by **MP Svend Robinson**, who was arrested at Claycoquit, and **Robert Kennedy Jr.** No one was quite sure why Bobby was there, but he took the opportunity to wax eloquently about the wonders of Canadian democracy. The monotony of the speeches was interrupted by the kick-ass day performances of **Veda Hille** and **Kinnie Starr**. **Axe Brasil**, an Afro-Brazilian musical group who also perform the Afro-Brazilian martial art capoeira, inspired dancing and drumming until the wee hours of the morning. The film **Fury for the Sound**, about the important role

that women played in protesting Claycoquit, was also shown. Squamish, BC, has the first McDonald's to successfully unionize in North America. Prior to this, the closest that employees got to unionization was when a Quebec McDonald's was shut down after the employees voted to join a union. All the Squamish McDonald's, the process was initiated when two teenage workers approached the **Canadian Auto Workers Union**. Unionizing service industry jobs, which is difficult because of the part-time and short-term status of many employees, could be an important way of increasing the power of labour organizations. Meanwhile, the McDonald's Corporation has been creating their own propaganda by creating their "Big Mac Capital" campaign in the US. This is a search for the city which "enjoys Big Macs the most," and coincides with the 30 year anniversary of the greasy sandwich. According to the PR news wire service, Dave Baney, the vice president of McMarketing, said "... during this anniversary year, we want to find out which city in America loves

Big Mac more than any other, and we're very excited to see where our search will lead." Oh, the excitement. Too bad Canadian cities are not eligible...

Democracy advocates have been getting braver in their attempts to end the rule of the military junta in Myanmar (Burma). The **All Burma Students Democratic Front**, based in neighbouring Thailand, is calling for a nationwide revolt against the government, which is easily one of the most repressive in the world. The **National League for Democracy** won the elections in 1990, but was never allowed to take power. The military government and state-run media are ignoring NLD's declaration that they will soon form a "People's Parliament." The party leader, **Aung San Suu Kyi**, has camped out on a bridge for over ten days now, because the government refuses to allow her to meet up with her supporters. Recently some international protesters were arrested and deported after handing out pro-democracy leaflets in Myanmar.

If you have any events you would like to have mentioned in *Demo Derby*, you can contact me (Sarah) in the CTR News Room. Also, the **CTR News** department is looking for volunteers interested in reporting, writing and announcing student/activist/artist/sarcastic/irreverent news. Phone the CTR News Room at 822-5334 or e-mail <citrnews@mail.ams.ubc.ca>.

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233-6138 SUB Blvd
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for more info call Linda @ 822-1242

PEPPER SANDS



Self-described as a "Polyrockassional plunge into the psychophonic world of limitless imagination," Vancouver's Pepper Sands were Whitehorse's Pepper Sands just a few years ago. Citizen A (bass, vocals), Adam Fink (drums, noises), Lionel Colaci (guitar), and Jenny Snell (guitar, vocals) comprise this three-year-old peppy pop quartet. Part Brit-pop and part indie rock, the most compelling aspect of this group is the combination of Citizen A's husky vocals and Jenny's sweet, wandering harmonies. The second song, "So Fine," on their most recent release, *Forest Strays*, is so catchy it'll stick with you even in your dreams.

Pepper Sands plan to self-release their first full-length — look for it in the next few months — and they're the lucky openers for The Spinanes when they come to town September 15th!

604.877.0222
#106-55 E. 12th Ave., Vancouver, BC, V5T 4J4
<peppersands@hotmail.com>

FULL SKETCH

Full Sketch is most definitely Vancouver's only all-gal instrumental group. Known most for their party gigs, they know how to rock the house with their Hammond organ and minimalist guitar/drum sounds. Although Katie Sketch (drums) is the only one of the three to have brushed with fame (not everyone has a guitar given to them by Bryan Adams!), she'd be lost without her teammates, Barb Sketch (organ, guitar) and Sarah Sketch (organ, bass).

Full Sketch played their first gig at one of [vintage clothing store] The Good Jacket's legendary and packed entertainment extravaganzas. Check out their single, "Sketchersize," on CITR's demo charts. This is "Ham 'n' Bass."

Call the "Sketch Hotline" at 604.322.0102 or e-mail <fullsketch@hotmail.com>.

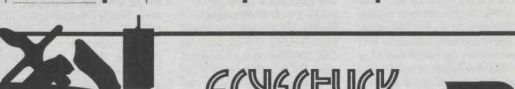


FORECASTS FAREWELL

The folks in Forecasts Farewell are not new to the local music scene, although the band may be. Various members of this "sometimes quiet, sometimes loud, ambient art-rock with a touch of dub" band, just formed last year, have produced zines (*Jerk*, *Suburbanite*), worked for CITR radio, and played in other musical projects (Slough of Despond, Ruckus, The Eh-Team, and Spiderland).

They admit that they feel a bit out of place in the "local scene," wishing they lived in Chicago instead, the birthplace of most of their influences.

If you'd like to take Forecasts Farewell up on their offer to play at your pet's wedding/bachelor(ette) parties/bornitzvahs/bornitzvahs, call Thor at 604.985.9271 or e-mail <chris_corday@bc.sympatico.ca>. They are also willing to send you a copy of their limited edition (of one) CD, if you send \$2 to 5831 Wallace St., Vancouver, BC, V6N 2A3.



FryerLucky

The band describes their music as "complex, elegant, rich, medium-bodied. Light and lively; clean, versatile flavours." Critics describe their music as "... a cryptic jumble of foggy funk and sampled one-liners ..." (Spin) and "... cyclical beats, wurlitized keys, scratch vocals, samples/snips/sound bites ... the air sickness bag packaging pushes this into keeper category" (Terminal City). And Vancouver's favourite after-hours hang-out, the [Sugar Refinery], thinks they're cool enough to play a regular Friday night gig.

FryerLucky, originally from Edmonton (the rest of their history is dubious — when asked about previous bands, they answer: "none that apply." Hmm ...), has been a group of four for close to three years now, but Nick [Cubase 2.5, Ensoniq ASR-10 [rack mount], Technics 1200, Shure P 300] has been playing with the hip-hop beats since '93. The other members, Matt [trap kit, ballistics], Stéphane [Jupiter 6, Space Echo, answering machine], and Mave [manager] round it all out.

Look out for their upcoming CD release for *Soft Favourites of Yesterday and Today*, sometime this month. Contact the band at 604.215.1997 or at <frayerpark@hotmail.com>.



HEY! LOCAL BANNES!

If you want to see your band featured in this here section, send us something that will make us interested! Send music, photos, bios, candy, or whatever, to "LOCALSEEN" c/o DiSCORDER Magazine, #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1.

MALCHIKS TOUR DIARY

The Malchiks are a bunch of young, energetic, ska-kids from the 'burbs who finished favourably (second's the best, right?) in CiTR's 1997 Shindig. Since then, they've released their first full-length, *Skavant-Garde*, for *Spawner Records*, and are currently working on their second.

Sowin' the Seeds of Love Vancouver to Montreal, May '98 - by Frank Henville

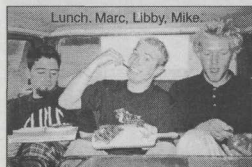
Thursday, April 30, Starfish Room, Vancouver, B.C.
Tour began on a naked, drunken note — how appropriate! Quite a few of our "hardcore" fans (that is, the people on the guest list) made it down to the Starfish to bid us farewell and hit us up for a few beers. Frank sat in the back room, sweating and drinking Bacardi, hoping the tour Frank booked wouldn't be a total failure.

Campus, which was featuring French-language music night. The mix included folk tunes, sea shanties, eurotrash technopop and selections from various arias — which most of the club's patrons knew and sang along with! In the meantime, the remaining members were searching for somewhere to sleep. Helpful cops steered them away from a pleasant looking park which had been the site of a recent gunfight.

Friday, May 29, Vancouver.

Triumphantly, the Malchiks returned home in time to perform at the Brickyard with the Black Market Babies. The transmission on one of the vehicles was completely shot and the brakes were gone on the other. Nevertheless, the Malchiks played an elated show. Somehow, Mail pushed Frank off the three-foot stage. Frank managed to avoid

serious injury by landing on his face. Frank got his revenge by utterly destroying Mail's guitar and lighting his back on tour. The boys knew they were back in town when they found themselves propositioned by Vancouver girls — the only ones who are used to that funny smell. Oh, Vancouver, we'll never leave you again. We can't afford to. •



Sunday, May 3, basement show, Calgary.

The first show out of town was a terrible fiasco. It was an all-ages punk rock thing, but the last buses out to the suburbs left at 10:30 and we played at 11:00. Seven kids remained when we played and we sold five CDs and a T-shirt, so we figured if we kept up that ratio of merch to attendees and got a few more people out to shows, we'd make a killing.

Tuesday, May 5, Edmonton.

This show was really reassuring. Mail accidentally caught fire and ran screaming down the street outside the bar, frightening a pack of wandering reefer addicts. We considered cancelling the tour when we saw a sign at an Edmonton bar that advertised 50 cent pints of Kokanee on Thursdays. Instead, a few more enterprising members acquired a keg of beer at an undisclosed location and we thought it best to leave town.

Saturday, May 9, Regina.

This was easily the most successful show of our tour. We were paid really well — cash and two handfuls of those tiny little liquor bottles that hang on the necks of big bottles. It figured that Frank had only been able to secure a show here on the way to Montreal and not a return show also. Skavenish played before us and made us a huge barbecue at their drummer's house. Then we stayed up to all hours drinking an abhorrent amount of alcohol.

Sunday, May 17, Montreal.

Arriving in Montreal, we reached the 100th show of our career and the eastern apogee of our tour. Here was our chance to play to a crowd that has seen the best ska bands Canada has to offer. At least we succeeded in scaring them. Afterwards, Frank, Mail and Davey adjourned to a surreal nightclub named the Cafe

Wednesday, May 20, Saskatoon.

Your humble narrator has but little recollection of this night. Rumour has it that his head was lit on fire by Mail. He proceeded to extinguish the blaze by banging his head vigorously against a speaker cabinet (apparently, he forgot to stop, drop and roll.) He then performed a drum solo, which was extremely well received. His performance over, he proceeded to accidentally kick in the front of the bass drum whilst exiting the drum kit.

Saturday, May 23, Winnipeg.

This, the most notorious night of the tour, took place at the Royal Albert Hotel. Videotape footage had to be consulted to corroborate various accounts of the evening. First, J.F.K. and the Conspirators, one of the most laid-back first-wave groups around, incited a dispute between two gentlemen in the audience. One punctuated his argument by overturning a table, and his friend admonished him with a friendly fist to the face. The bartender broke up the fistcuffs but found time to sell the men off-foals before they left. Then Frank, Mail and Mike adjourned to the house of J.F.K.'s trumpet player. When the three returned to the hotel at five in the morning, they found their companions vacating their rooms quickly and preparing to leave. It seems that one of the all-night Royal Albert beer-and-heroin parties had got a little out of hand. A tenant had been breaking a few plywood shelves over Geoff's head when the bar owner/bartender entered with a couple of his portly friends and beat the unfortunate tenant to within an inch of his life. Geoff and co. wanted to leave, but Mail reminded them that they had been promised breakfast by the hotel. So we threw 50 empty beer bottles out of the hotel room window, had an early breakfast, and departed.



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Celebration (Denmark, 105 min.) Lars von Trier's buddy Thomas Vinterberg has fashioned a scathing family reunion-from-hell comedy-cum-melodrama, shot in the raw, vertiginous style familiar to viewers of *Breaking the Waves*. One of the most talked about films at Cannes 98, where it captured a Special Jury Prize.



The Kingdom II (Denmark, 300 min.) Anyone who caught the terrific *The Kingdom* knows what to expect in Lars von Trier's continuation—a brilliantly lurid, preposterously scary and visually innovative melodrama about a haunted hospital and the assorted doctors, patients, ghosts and devils that reside there. Must be seen to be believed.



Modulations (USA, 73 min.) A crash course in hipness, Lara Lee's *Synthetic Pleasures* (VIFF 96) latest film explores the growing subculture of electronic music. Through interviews with Prodigy, Future Sound of London and others, Lee takes us where the art is the pulsating rhythm and the beat is the thing.



Acid House (Scotland, 112 min.) For those who couldn't get enough of *Transcending*, director Paul McGugan delivers "pure, undiluted Irvine Welsh" from Welsh's collection of short stories. Three sketches illustrate the outrageous, brutally comic, violent and sometimes pathetic dark side of existence in Glasgow.



Slam (USA, 92 min.) A landmark film, Marc Levin's gritty prison drama is also a passionate plea for African-American males to take a new direction. Mixing documentary technique with fiction, Levin tells the compelling story of two prisoners who find strength through poetry. Winner, Grand Prize, Sundance 1998.



Urban Ghost Story (Great Britain, 90 min.) In director Genevieve Jolliffe's tense and unusual coming-of-age drama a demon may be terrorizing a teenage girl after her near-death experience in a car accident. Or are the strange happenings in her apartment just a bizarre attention-getting scheme?



Lucky People (Sweden, 81 min.) This fast-paced, DJ-like blend of visuals and rhythms takes you on a spiritual travelogue of world dance and transcendental states. One of the most inventive and playful non-fiction features in years from filmmakers Erik Pauser and Johan Soderberg.



Zacharia Farted (Canada, 110 min.) When new ager Brian (Benjamin Ratner) finds an unmarked grave, he drags his best friend on a truly quirky road trip in search of the deceased's identity. Director Michael Roth's has come up with a comic road movie with plenty of heart and a few life affirming tears.



Wicked (USA, 96 min.) Bored teenager Ellie is devoted to her father—despite the fact that her parents aren't exactly packing a faithful marriage. In what turns into a sordid tale of lust, mom is suddenly murdered and Ellie transformed into a manipulative Lolita... A gothic, suburban thriller from Michael Steinberg.



Relax...It's Just Sex (USA, 110 min.) Featuring a strong ensemble cast including Jennifer Tilly, writer-director P. J. Castellaneta's romantic comedy examines the affairs and intrigues of a group of thirtysomething "friends—a chosen family of gay men, lesbians and straights—and along the way raises issues from AIDS to rape to forever being single...



Sitcom (France, 80 min.) This sunnily subversive farce from the very hot François Ozon plays like a French John Waters (*Serial Mom* period) as it tells of a bourgeois family's undoing under the spell of the new pet rat. "Like Mr. Solondz's *Happiness* (VIFF 98), much too funny for the main competition" (section of Cannes.)—New York Times.



Beast Cops (Hong Kong, 95 min.) Two detectives from vastly different backgrounds are thrown together when a Triad gang-war hit goes wrong. Gordon Chan and Dante Lam's hilarious and stylish tale of dark justice gives us two cops who must survive in a world of strong temptations and serious violence.

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ZULU RECORDING ARTISTS THE BEANS CELEBRATED THE BEGINNING OF SUMMER '98 WITH A WEEK-LONG JAUNT ACROSS WESTERN CANADA, SUPPORTING THE INBREDS IN WHAT WOULD BE THEIR LAST TOUR TOGETHER. HERE'S A LOOK AT THE BEANS' FIRST TOUR TOGETHER ...

BY ANDY HERFST

PHOTOS BY STEVE HORWOOD

A DIARY OF THE MAD GRASS



MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1:57 PM.

This tour should be about a week long, I think. The necessary players are strapped in:

Stefan, broad-faced with piercing eyes, plays a position of support. He is the pillar of the team. He can remain motionless for hours upon end. I've always admired that. He slumps in his spare time.

We brought Tygh because he's ripped. Yeah, he's got a great body. Never know when that will come in handy. An actor and an intellectual, he will definitely be an invaluable player.

Ida, 17 and perpetually intoxicated. One of those people who might just know too much. We've had a few conversations, but all I can remember of them are the way she stares right at me when I talk, and her dazzling laugh. Ida was born with music inside her.

Still somewhat of a mystery is Steve, photographer and proprietor of the Sugar Refinery. Why did he choose this journey? He might have something to learn, or to teach. For now, he is driving. He insisted on piloting the first leg of the trip.

Picked-up the van (a burgundy-flavoured, extended body Blaine rider with a chrome grill and spoiler) a couple of days earlier. That gave us time to paint the Nitrous canisters with a "cyber-death" landscape and our team name, "Killin' Time" ('cause we're looking to upset the fastest time over land between Winnipeg and Vancouver on the last leg). Just slap a "New Driver" sticker on the bumper, swallow a few dozen Gravols and we're rarin' to go.

MONDAY, 7:09 PM, VERNON, BC (the only place in BC where they take Albertan money at par).

First stop is not for a show, but for a reunion. (After a failed attempt at a dinner date with 93-year-old Sadie Malish, who, after peering from her fifth floor apartment window at sunly group gathered around the interior replied, "No, thanks, I already ate. Goodbye.") The reunion was with Stefan's uncle Tim Udell, a real wild-card. Signals left when he's turning right, a 64-foot piece of cedar balanced somehow in the back of his grey Toyota pickup. What a piranha. Turns out that sculpting runs in the family. The guest bedroom serves also as a showcase. Brown, ceramic busts of various family members stare up from carpeted corners.

"I was sittin' there one night pullin' my father's nose off ... because that's what sculptors can do," said Tim. Then he would tell us about his children: "The boy made me that table. I had to drive a bunch of nails into the legs to keep it standing. But the boy made it for me, so I had to use it for something ..." Our eyes follow his pointing finger. Looking out of place, a tiny potted plant, about 10 sizes too small, sits on the middle of the table. Don't think I'll ever forget that moment.

ENTRY TWO

"Remember, I own you." Nic's friendly reminder scrawled on the back of a blurry photograph. Nic, who works for the label, has a way of making things frighteningly clear. But he is a long way away now. His desperate, final words to us before the departure echo: "You'll call me, won't you? Call me and let me know how you're doing?"

TUESDAY, 6:05 AM, REVELSTOKE, BC. STEFAN'S BIRTHPLACE.

"This is my trailer park, man!" he says, pupils dilated. "Those trees never used to be there! How fast do trees grow?"

TUESDAY, HIGH NOON, ROCKIES REST STOP.

Something has gone terribly wrong here. Countless white moths lie dying on the ground, rooves, counter-tops — all hopelessly flapping their wings. The locals seem oblivious.

TUESDAY, 4 PM.

Crossed into Alberta, set the clocks ahead. I think the trucker in the blue Peterbilt that we accosted at the toll booth put a call out on the CB because every truck we pass tries to run us off the road. Tygh is behind the wheel now, though, and remains cool under pressure. Always cool. He hasn't been driving

lightens my mood with a joke:

"Chicken's lying in bed with the egg, smoking a cigarette. Chicken says to the egg, 'Well, I guess that answers that question.'"

WEDNESDAY, 11:56 PM, EDMONTON.

In case anyone is looking, there's an emu for sale about 50 km out of Edmonton on the #2. Got into town a little early to do an interview for college radio. Funny thing was that they neglected to ask us why we were all laughing hysterically. There is something very fucking unusual about this place.

Played the Rev. We were a hit. Didn't manage to sell the Beans Jack in the Box, though. Might have to discount it.

THURSDAY, 1:23 PM, SOMEWHERE FLAT.

Assuming a false identity, I managed to be prescribed

sible for the instability that floats in the air, then begins to gnaw on my leg. Steve then suggests a photo-shoot in a wheat field to relieve tension.

Ever been shot with a salt-gun? Basically a pump-action shot gun that fires a spray of salt, rather than buckshot. When the farmer came out, we bolted for the van. I was the only one seriously injured. Kind of like a self-sterilizing, full body, gravel scrape. "Shit, you're a crash!" he bellowed in an almost incomprehensible slur.

"You call these crops? I call 'em crops!" answered Stefan. Damn right. Notthin' more than a hundred acres of good-for-nothing, nicely organized, brown grass.

THURSDAY NIGHT, SASKATOON, AMIGO'S BAR & GRILL.

Saskatoon. What a town! I knew this will be the highlight of the trip. We were greeted at the edge of town by a giant billboard portraying a heterosexual barbecue romance fantasy, and a caption that reads: "PORK. THE ONE YOU LOVE. SASK PORK." Stopped off at the University for an interview. The dj cut the interview short when we started answering questions in unison. He was politely laughing at everything we said, just in case.

Beans in unison: "We need a place to crash tonight. Could you mention that on the air? Free pass to the show in exchange for a floor to sleep on."

DJ: "Heh heh. Humm. Snort. So where are you guys staying tonight?"

Amigo's is great. Take-out and live music. A luxury cafeteria with a stage and a kickin' sound system. Nice atmosphere. Air-conditioned to simulate an arctic environment. Non-sensense staff. Free dinner. Place to crash (a series of bleak rooms blanketed in poo-related graffiti.) I still wonder what the Sask kids made of us. Gave away the Beans Jack in the Box to the girl dancing on the stage. By this point, the inbreeds have shown to have a cult following of young women who worship them like two indie-gods.

Top photo: Pork. The One You Love. Bottom left: Steve at a cafe in Winnipeg. Bottom right: The Beans in front of an old, fancy hotel in Saskatoon.

FRIDAY, REGINA, DRIVING AWAY FROM, FAST.

A strange and different place. Many people on drugs. Many interesting architectures. The audience tonight was small but polite. Applauded and cheered whenever Tygh mentioned REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN, or SASK PORK. Received some interesting sexual advice from a 300-pound albino man with a point and shoot camera. While soundchecking, the engineer mentioned how packed the place would be this night. After we played to no more than 30 people, I remarked to him sarcastically, "You were right. We packed the place." He looked back earnestly and agreed with me.

MONDAY MORNING, ABBOTSFORD, BC.

We played Winnipeg. They held a rave there afterwards. We got the fuck out of there. Took us about 20 hours and a \$300 speeding ticket to make it back to Vancouver. Lessons learned this trip: the red pistachios aren't worth it — they stain your hands, your mouth, your clothes. And always bring Steve on tour. He does all the driving, climbing, picture-taking, equipment-hauling and smooth-talking. He can be reached at the Sugar Refinery.



for 14 hours straight like most of 'em. I think we'll make it to Calgary.

WEDNESDAY, 3 AM, THE NIGHT GALLERY, CALGARY.

Played our first show with the Inbreds. They're both a little too cute and well-mannered to actually be inbreds. It was a pleasant enough experience here. Calgarians lived up to their reputation as genuine, laid-back and friendly. We were a little late getting on stage because a flash rainstorm managed to leak onto the soundboard. The only low point was being ripped off for cash. Tygh

numerous antibiotics and painkillers all the West Edmonton Mall Clinic. We're off for Saskatoon now and Stefan's behind the wheel. His Arvo Part and Bedhead tapes lul us into sleep and we almost miss seeing the first canola fields. Now, rolling through the driest prairie heat in a decade, I begin to suspect that a few compatriots have the road madness. Steve looks around with bright, curious eyes and asks innocently what it would be like to watch a human get crushed by intense underpressure. Tygh responds with a slurp, as a deft hand scoops up a rivulet of drool. Ida looks at me as if I'm respon-

LOUD

LOUD's rich interplay of Japanese Taiko drums, flute and electric guitar offer something entirely new to the Vancouver music scene. Rhythmically fluid and creatively harmonic, Eileen Kage, Leslie Komori and Elaine Stef musically interpret "loud" as an intensity and strength, rather than a simple matter of volume.

taiko music. If I put this in the context of taiko, I see this as breaking boundaries, but I'm not sure that should be part of the continuum because this really is something different: the three of us coming together. I mean, Eileen and I have played for a long time, but I just feel just us coming together is something totally brand new.

So, maybe [you're] breaking your own boundaries?

Elaine: Definitely.

Eileen: Yeah, I'd say so.

Elaine: It's a really dynamic experience on a creative level and it's like we haven't even begun

When I went to see you, because you're called LOUD, I sort of went expecting to see something more in-your-face, but in fact, your sound is more soothing ...

[All three burst out laughing.]

Leslie: Did you fall asleep?

No, it was really entertaining, but it has almost an ambient feel, if you can ever use that word to describe taiko and electric

Eileen: Yeah.

Elaine: Where did you see us? **At the Powell Street Festival.**

Leslie: We're louder in smaller spaces.

by namiko kunimoto

I wasn't even just talking about volume. Just that I was expecting something more punctuated — but in fact, it was really a harmo-

it is nice that other people can pick it up, too.

Could you describe how you see your role in the community, like in terms of playing benefits, how you feel about doing those kind of things?

Eileen: We play for events that we support. We were talking about how we play for gigs that pay a lot of money or we play for free [laughter].

The ultimate sliding scale. A Robyn Hood mechanism ...

Elaine: For me, I want to do something to contribute to the community and I hate going to meetings. It's something concrete to do. I mean, nobody's got any money, we have to help each other get some. It's a positive kind of contribution.

What was it like playing for the Prisoner's Justice Day?

Elaine: We couldn't [because of

this point, I think we are ready for the next phase, which is wanting to record, and then choosing which gigs to play.

Can you see yourselves doing this full-time?

Leslie: I can't, personally. From what I can see, it seems like sometimes you have to do a lot of gross gigs. I'm not at that point.

You prefer having the distance so that you can maintain your autonomy?

Leslie: Yeah, I don't want to become a music machine. We just really like to rehearse a lot. I enjoy rehearsing, jamming — coming up with new stuff is really exciting.

Eileen: It's almost like the rehearsals are the main focus of our music and then we perform, but the rehearsals are the most ...

So the making — the process — of it is the most important part?

Elaine: Putting it together is the funnest part. But for sure, when we do

choose to perform, I think that, as opposed to going around to every bar in town and playing for fifty bucks and a case of beer, just so lots of people can hear us, we can



DISORDER: My first impressions of LOUD have left me feeling like you try to instigate change by breaking down boundaries. Do you see yourselves doing that musically, politically, ethnically or any other way?

Elaine: Well, we don't do that intentionally, although that's an interesting question. I sort of see us as three musicians who've been playing for a long time, who really connect musically, and that all three of us [are] soloists who play together and push ourselves further, musically, as a result. I really enjoy seeing us play as an ensemble, going places that I've personally never been. People do comment on the uniqueness of the music.

Leslie: I have a divided response on this. A lot of this is like what Elaine says, that this is really different, but in terms of my life and playing taiko, I don't see this as

to scratch the surface.

Leslie: For me [politically], a lot of the music I've done has been pigeon-holed as this "ethnic" thing and doing this is impossible to be pigeon-holed as ethnic, which I really like. I mean, we are never gonna play for Canada Day, and that is just so excellent to me. 'Cause I've never wanted my music to be that way, but it has been appropriated that way before. But this music can never be appropriated that way.

At the same time, do you see yourselves fitting into the local music scene?

Leslie: Yeah, sure.

Eileen: Absolutely.

Elaine: I think the more diversity in the music scene, the more people will accept different types of music in the same venue. It's not just like you have your grunge fans over there. I mean, it's all part of the local culture and everybody should be able to appreciate it.

guitar.

Leslie: That's all right.

Elaine: We were thinking if we were ever to have a theme song, it would be really, really quiet. But there is definitely some sort of variety, it's not a barrage of drums and electric guitar. The compositional aspect comes into it.

Well, I was expecting that, but I guess I was expecting something more loud.

Leslie: When we were coming up with that name we went to the dictionary and we were talking about the different definitions of loud. So there's the volume level, and other definitions, like being garish.

Elaine: Not being passive, sort of an active thing. It's also comparative, for example, if you were loud enough to be heard at the back of the room, it doesn't necessarily imply that there was a lot of volume.

Like an intensity ...

nious, interwoven sound.

Leslie: Oh, dear, we have to change our name [laughter].

Eileen: Powell Street Festival.

Two songs, ten minutes.

Leslie: I feel we've been play-

decide where we want to do a gig, in Siberia or Iceland or wherever and we can set it in motion to do

photos by ann goncalves

Elaine: This year's set was really nice at Powell Street. We have gotten to this point where it is possible to hear everyone.

It really seems like you are working together on stage. There is a comfortable energy, with the three of you working together.

Eileen: Cool. We knew that, but

ing a long time.

Gigs: And we do other paid gigs.

Leslie: Yeah, this is not about benefits, but gigs in general — I just feel that we've all been playing a long time, so we don't have to jump at every gig that comes our way. And that is so nice.

Elaine: It's been a big process, just building up enough material to be able to perform on our own. We accepted the gig when we only had 35 minutes worth of songs. There have been mixed up periods where we haven't done gigs because we were working towards a particular goal. So at

that. Interesting kinds of venues.

It's more meaningful to you to just be in the band together.

Elaine: That is something that is one of my personal priorities. Something I put a lot of energy into, and it's something that is going to go on for years. So we can make the band be what works for us. We shouldn't feel obligated to do a gig that we don't feel comfortable with.

When do you think that you might record?

Eileen: Spring, or early next year. We are just trying to get that in motion right now.*

Folk you

A Recap of the Vancouver Folk Music Festival '98

By Anna Friz

Though the Folk Fest has been on shaky ground for the past year, this year's show was all we've come to expect, with cultural and music diversity ranging from Newfie reels to west coast beach dub, from frenetic Romani fiddling to Maori pop. Only at the Folk Fest can you learn how to say "Check. One, two," in three different languages at one workshop. And though everyone wished **Bill Richardson** would come back to MC and save us all from **Christine Taylor's** apparent metamorphosis into a tacky radio personality and **Mark Leiren-Young's** thin jokes, a good hot sweaty time was had by all.

First Nations were well represented with **Arrows to Freedom** and the **Nisga'a Ts'milts Dancers** from BC, **Chester Knight** and the **Wind** from Saskatchewan, **Joy Harjo** and **Poetic Justice** from New Mexico, **Dahnoshay** from Oklahoma, and **Ulali** from around the US. Ulali win my vote for most amazing female voices of the weekend (and possibly ever). Accompanied only by their own hand drums and shakers, these women of diverse Native American backgrounds were a piercingly beautiful three-woman pow-wow. **Moana and the Moahunters** from Aotearoa (Maori name for New Zealand) were fierce po-

litical voices and their theatrical show — including members of the traditional warrior dance troupe **Tuhourangi Ngati Whio** — were hampered only by some poppy synthesizer.

Amamondo, from South Africa, was the big crowd favourite. They caught everyone's attention on the Friday night stage with their infectious drumming, acrobatics, the lead man's quirky commentary and the gorgeous female dancers who showed us all that big women shake it better. On Sunday, they did an acoustic set on the grass, kicked off by a troupe of **Mortal Coil** still-walkers dancing to the groove of a drum jam.

Especially tasty was the Ugandan Xylophone, the size of a restaurant kitchen counter, which was played by four or five members.

My favourite "take that, yuppies," moment (and there's gotta be one, somehow, every year) took place in the kitchen area. In between stage appearances, a few of the **Tarat de Haidouks** musicians busked through the crowd, passing their hat while playing. Some people seemed charmed, others huffy; in the end everyone dished out some coin. And why not? **Tarat de Haidouks** are a band composed of some of the most musicians of a Roma village featured in Tony Gatlif's *Le Choc du Drom* (you may remember Nicolas Neoussu, the old man who fiddled a tune about the end of Ceausescu. Their income essentially supports the whole village. They play with unbelievable speed and sing with feeling, so much so that the requisite Irish reel-orama that usually draws the crowd at the end of the day was usurped by the pairing of the **Tarat** and Quebec's stomping Celtic big band, **La Bottine Souriante**.

Two other Rom acts filled the bill this year: Vancouver's **Los Canasteros** played and performed flamenco, while **Karshilama** from Turkey

featured a seductive clarinet. A couple of workshops allowed these bands to play together and mingle in each other's traditions, showing off the great diversity of Rom music as well as the striking similarities.



The staple singer-songwriters made their appearances: **Carmaig de Forest** was his usual witty self, while **Coco Love Alcorn** proved that even if your songs are low on content, a spectacular voice goes a long way to make up for it. **Tony Bird** (from Malawi) had the opposite dilemma; vivid songwriting was set back by nasal vocals and droning sameness to every song (I know! the women sitting in front of me were hanging off every chord he played Saturday night, gushing in between songs about his musical genius, but I had to escape and soothe myself with a decadent dessert.)

Jen Pachet's one-woman band was unusual and powerful (playing piano and drum kit together), but at times she definitely crossed the line between intense and shrill. **Dave Alvin**, who once played in a pre-X band called **The Knitters** with John Doe and Exene Cervenka, was a real find with his roadhouse brand of weary blues.

Though the fest indulges in musical hybridity (Poles playing banjo?!), there are some hardcore this-is-the-real-shit folk music acts. This is the stuff that truly makes that ticket worthwhile, the kind of music that makes everyone forget their leaking condos or identity politics as they join in a rousing chorus (in Sorbian) of "Give me an egg, give me an egg, give me an egg, give me better two," accompanied by two sets of bagpipes. As **Utah Phillips** noted last year, "This is a folk fest, and you are obstensibly the folk, n'est-ce pas?" **Roy Bailey** was the sing-along finish to the fest on Sunday night! because we couldn't possibly be convinced to leave politely on the heels of a raucous La Bottine Souriante performance, and what self-respecting folk fest could end without a song in honour of a dead folk hero like **Joe Hill**?

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A DESTROYER'S DREAM

Interview & Photos by
Nic Bragg

DESTROYER GENE POOL?

1. Leonard Cohen, circa Live Songs —brush cut, cigar in hand, photographed in bathroom stall. Shirt undone, very swank and, musically, on top of his game.

2. Dustin Hoffman as The Graduate —young, untamed and just learning.

3. Al Pacino, in a dark suit, short curly hair. Think wedding scene, Godfather I —naive.

4. Woody Guthrie, the first recognized Walt Whitman fan. Dark hair, straight up. Wore his guitar high above his waist.

Upon first meeting Destroyer, I was told that he is still haunted by a dream he had in his teenage years. The narrative goes something like this: he was swimming in the warm waters of the Mediterranean, in the warm waters that flow near Gibraltar. He sees himself from above; constantly, his shape changes with each breast stroke, as he bobs in and out of the green water. The only surroundings are a few small fishing boats, nets, weights and numbered buoys. Suddenly, he finds himself paddling through sand rather than water and, with the shock of these events, he turns over to sun his stomach, only to discover that what so suddenly became sand was now gobs of bees! Frantically panicking in his dream, with arms waving, he cuts through these droves of winged beasts and strikes a solid stone plaque, only to awaken before reading what in fact it said.

He says, "It was the sort of dream that while you're asleep, you know it's coming. It's only a matter of time before I'd start the same scenes over and over again. I knew what was coming. I had it some eight or nine times over a three year period — each time trying to illuminate the words on the stone, sometimes feeling parts of it with my hands. The bees at times were different, sometimes just wings, millions of tiny wings ... but I kept trying to reach the stone ... to hold a light up to it. It's this light that I think of mostly ... it burns in the dream ... and it burns in my heart, as if I'm trying to illuminate things."

The Destroyer band is SCOTT MORGAN (drums), JASON ZUMPAPO (keyboards), JOHN COLLINS (bass), STEVE WOOD (guitar) and DESTROYER, AKA DANIEL BEGAR (guitar, vocals).

DISORDER: What can you tell us about the electronic interludes on your record?

Dan Destroyer: I'm trying to think where they are — you mean the "EMAX," "II," and "III," right? Those were mostly a bunch of four-track demos that John used on his sampler. They're actually little parts from songs that we messed around a bit with and then thought, why not use them to cushion the songs? For example, the saxophone one is from Scott's saxophone solo on the song that follows, and another is a sample taken from the song that follows it.

I don't think they had any real significance other than wanting to break up the acoustic monotony of the record. Ideally, it would be nice to incorporate those sorts of things into the songs themselves, but we didn't really have that kind of time and space. There's no deep meaning to them, I just have a new-found love for the sampler.

Explain your set idea for the cover and packaging of City of Daughters.

Well, me, Scott Gubbels and Les Smolenski did the design and artwork, and we kind of wanted to harken back to the late '60s/early '70s singer-songwriter records. We were looking at Tim Buckley and Scott Walker albums as well as some John Collrane records — all things we took cues from — and then basically wanted to poster me all over it. Looking back on it, it's something that I'm not sure I'd do again, but I think it turned out really well.

Here in Vancouver, the only artist that occupies similar territory to you is Mark Szabo. Are there others? Are you both folk troubadours? Solo artists?

Actually, I can't think of anyone besides Mark. In ways, we could be lumped together — perhaps as troubadours as you say — but in terms of part of a larger folk community or whatever, I really have no part or interest in that. As far as what Mark's doing, I listened to Horsey and his solo stuff and it must have had some effect. Now he's also got a band and, in terms of me, I don't think I could go back to playing on my own, both literally and figuratively.

drew the cover of the album.

Many visual artists have begun to dabble in music and vice versa. Do you have any inclinations to pick up the brush?

[Laughs] Actually, no. I'm really feeble when it comes to that. I have a real problem connecting my hands with my mind, even in music, but visually I'm quite talented. I think if I could do one thing, I would do that, though, 'cause it really does blow me away anytime someone can make an image arresting.

What does your unruly hair signify?

It must be the only sign of an untamable spirit that I have, because everything about me is pretty docile. No matter how much I fight it, it has a mind of its own.

Is there an improvisational element to your music?

Unfortunately, not really. The last couple of shows we've played were been loose enough or drunk enough that I can throw a bit in here or there, but overall it's not as much as I'd like. In fact, that's one thing I'd like to do, have some sort of project — recorded or live — to try it more. I've changed the lyrics of the songs a few times, but nothing too engaging ...

The three main themes in your music are Royalty, Heroism and the Streets.

Shit, I couldn't have said it any better — that pretty much sums it up.

How influential [do you think your friends] Zumpapo were on the Halifax music scene?

Ah, those [Halifax] guys didn't know of Beattie's record from a hole in the ground until Zumpapo showed up. But really, this is not my battle to wage.

What exactly is your idea regarding a 'call to arms'? It's an idea that I like to play with. It's sort of like a cheat — it's a powerful idea and if you write a song with it in mind, hopefully it will become a very powerful song [that] people could put into practice or motion. I'm not sure how, perhaps violence?

Are you a baritone? Who are the great baritones?

Am I a baritone? I don't think I qualify as a tenor. I'm not sure what I am, or where the divisions lie! Basically, if I don't have to project I just squawk and squeak in a high register ... Lee Hazlewood qualifies as a great baritone, he had a pretty distinct and outstanding voice, not to be messed with.

Briefly, what is the sound of young Vancouver?

[Laughs] ... Crickets chirping. I guess.

The three main themes in your music are Excess, Redemption and Justice.

Injustice, I really harp on, redemption and its possibility, yes, and

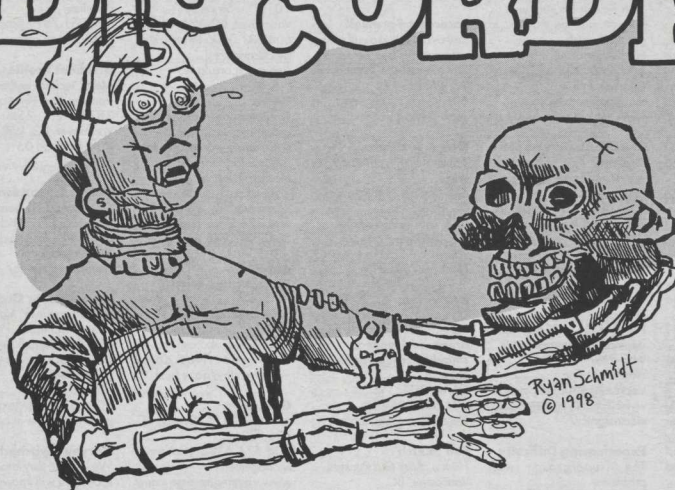
You've long championed the local comic scene[and] local [illustrators]. What's your connection?

I really don't know that much. I have some friends who do it. There's my roommate Blaine, who has a weekly strip called *Grief* in *Terminal City*. And Steve who plays in Destroyer, he does a lot of visual stuff — not so much comics, though. There's Les, of course. He



DISCORDER

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1998 Local Music Directory

illustrations by Ryan Schmidt

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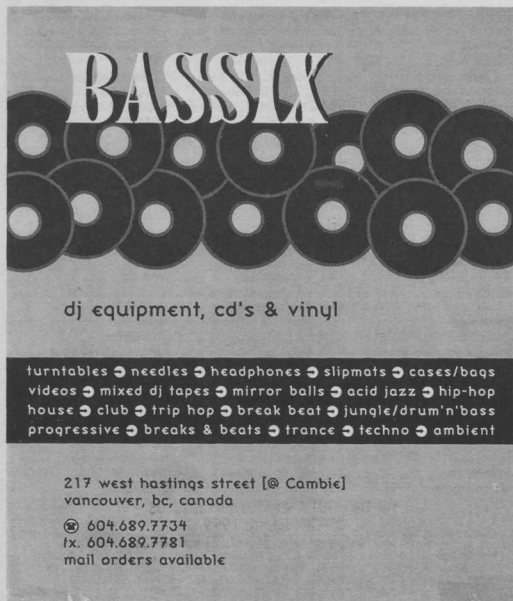
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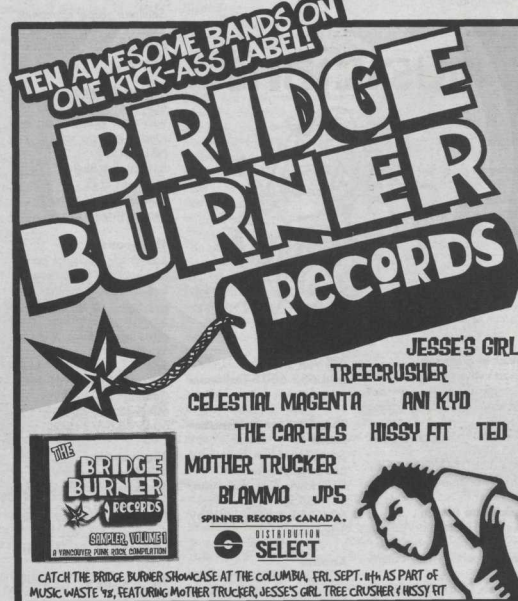


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Duckworth)

Randeesh
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People Are You Ready —

LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTORY!

Our annual directory, chock full of contact numbers and addresses of bands and the businesses that support them, will be in the September issue. The deadline for entries is July 15, 1999.

YOU ARE A (Check one):

☐ BAND/MUSICIAN ☐ PROMOTER
☐ RECORD LABEL/DISTRIBUTOR ☐ LIVE MUSIC VENUE
☐ MANAGER/AGENT ☐ STUDIO ☐ ZINE ☐ OTHER
(elaborate below)

NAME: _____

DESCRIPTION (15 words or less): _____

CONTACT(S): _____

ADDRESS _____

PHONE: _____

FAX: _____

EMAIL: _____

URL: _____

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604.886.2883 (fax)
randeesh@sunshine.net

Reggie

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604.533.2480 (fax)
curtish@uniserve.com

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Surf sounds and raucous reverberations of the Dale & Wray variety.
3108 W. 4th Ave., Vancouver, BC, V6K 1R7
604.657.7634 (Frank)
604.738.9050 (fax)

Riotstarters

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felush2@hotmail.com
members.tripod.com/
~Memorabilia1/

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604.844.5106 (Shock)

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604.596.6446 (Joanne Howard)
joski@home.com
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604.948.0539 (Dion)
604.984.0596 (alt. ph. #)
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jcranfie@sfu.ca

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www.cavemanpromo.com/

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604.684.3694 (fax)
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Superchief

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New Westminster, BC
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604.532.5975 (Jay)
Boomah1@bc.sympatico.ca
www.bc.sympatico.ca/
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Terra Nova

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604.708.8767 (Jenny Arntzen)
jennya@direct.ca

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wecooshla@yahoo.com

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604.597.1777 (Martyn Curley)



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604.608.0913 (fax)
atomos@planeteeer.com

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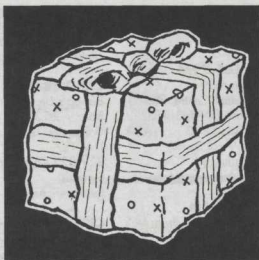
As the national performing rights society that licenses the
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role is to distribute royalties to songwriters, lyricists,
composers and music publishers, based on performances
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For more information, contact:

**Society of Composers, Authors and
Music Publishers of Canada**

1201 West Pender Street, Suite 400
Vancouver, BC V6E 2V2
Tel. (604) 669-5569 or 1-800 93 SOCAN
Fax (604) 688-1142





miscellaneous

B.C. Music Industry Foundation and Museum

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604.327.7778 (fax)

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604.270.2745 (fax)

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604.669.5569 (Kent Sturgeon)
604.688.1142 (fax)

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604.875.9971 (fax)
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www.ampproductions.com/

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604.231.0797 (Nigel Scott-Brown)
604.270.2877 (fax)



promoters

Independent Music Friendship Society

Non-profit society to promote and develop community among local independent musicians and performance artists.
#150-1472 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, BC, V5L 3X9
604.871.5540
cfest@hotmail.com
www.intergate.bc.ca/corefest

Andrew Dennison Photosonic

I take photos (mainly B&W) of bands and drum & bass DJs at shows.
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604.683.4298 (fax)

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902.539.4090 (Karen Musial)
capr@capr1.uccb.ns.ca
stunior.uccb.ns.ca/capr/

CCRS
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705.566.8101x7872 (Steve T. Amant)
ccrs@venus.cambrian.on.ca

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cfcrmail@quadrant.net
www.lights.com/clcr/

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www.vcn.bc.ca/cfro/

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www.uoguelph.ca/~cfu-fm/

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902.496.8776 (Jee Poissant)
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husky1.stmarys.ca/~cfsm/

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cfuv.uvic.ca/

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act.mta.ca/TheUmbrella/
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506.453.4958 (fax)
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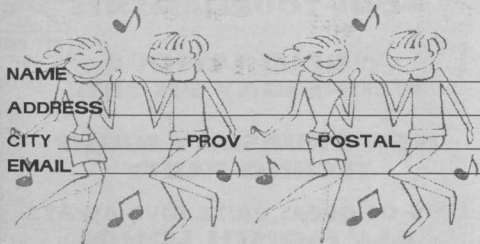
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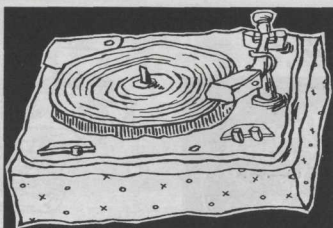
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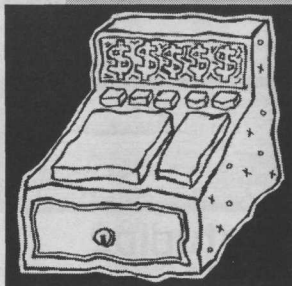
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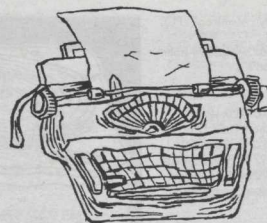
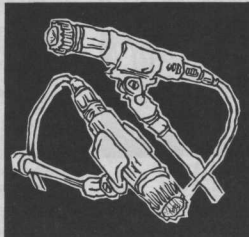
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that's it.
that's all

○ ○





excess I would say definitely lies into the other two. I like these ideas.

Do you think there might be a voyeuristic sense to listening to your songs?

No, definitely not. I'm just someone who likes to play around with words and let them bang off each other in the songs. I like to see if there's some new meanings created.

It's inevitable that your name gets related to Kiss. It simply isn't so — what do you think?

Actually, at the time I didn't know much about '70s rock or Kiss. I just liked that Destroyer — it suited some four-track basement type guy with a heavy metal name. It seemed a heavy word, a powerful name. I like warping terms as well, as people are probably starting to figure out.

The three main themes in your music are Debauchery, the Literary, and Inner Peace. Sounds like the main themes in my belief in life, not just songs.

Contemporary music is common in today's television commercials. What products would you say are suited for your kind of stuff?

I like to think that I wouldn't do it. I'd gladly write a jingle for anyone and sell it to them, but I probably wouldn't use one of my own songs for their soundtracks.

You always wear exp-private school garments. What is that with?

I went to private school for a couple of years. I think my parents were always big into education, academics, etc. It was a small school in Calgary. Out here I went to Richmond High.

Did you have to wear the uniform then?

Not at Richmond High. The only uniform you had to wear was a T-shirt tucked into your Buffalo jeans!

Forgive me, but how did you pick up the guitar?

Oh, no problem. A Spanish cousin of mine came out to live with me when I was in grade nine, he taught me three or four chords which I strummed casually for a number of years. By grade 11, my Mom bought me a Paul Simon songbook and a Dylan's Greatest Hits type thing. I'm not sure why, I would have much more preferred a New Order one. That's how I picked up the guitar and I haven't really progressed much in the last 11 years. **But your fingerpickin' style is pretty polished.**

Yeah, I'm amazed I can pull it off. Live, I don't think I could do it too well, but sitting down in the studio, relaxed where you know you can do it again and again, it just comes.

The new record makes good use of song structures. You gave yourself more room for your voice. Tell me about it.

I'm not sure how consciously things evolved on the record as far as structure, but I've kind of become a bit less scared of singing. I've flirted with my own version of perhaps 'operatic' singing and now it's more about actually performing. It seemed before that 'performing' was something to shy away from or something reflecting bad taste, i.e., one shouldn't really try to entertain. Well, now I feel like an entertainer.

As far as the structures, let's see, I've been told I know how to combine four chords into every possible

variation. But really, it's pretty thoughtless on my part. **The instrumentation has definitely evolved.**

Yes. In a way, it's more accomplished, but even while recording the album I was flying by the seat of my pants. I'd put the basic tracks down and then if we had time I'd put some kind of organ or synth track down. There is actually less instrumentation than on the first CD, which, although super ramshackle, still had a lot of sounds going on.

The three main themes in your music are Love, Death and Alienation.

Love, death, and alienation — where does that leave me? Recently I've been trying to write songs that are quite overtly political and I'm surprised people don't pick up on that. The songs on *City of Daughters* throw around some obvious political rhetoric, phrases which I've copied from political expressions — I feel that's the direction I'm going in. As for love, people tell me that a lot, but really I don't know, maybe in a political sense. You could write a song about love, but have a back drop that is a scene of decay ...

Some people say music is a gradual evolution, others argue for punctuated changes. For example, if you think about Dylan going electric, it was a very sudden and punctuated change for the '60s scene — people booed and cried for the acoustic guitar. You're the same way. As soon as you became cinched to the acoustic guitar, you went electric and got an electric band.

Yes, I much prefer the way things are now. It was pretty frustrating playing alone, especially in this town. There was something about it that reeked of 'rock town' and it was fairly easy to put a band together and take on some form of rock swagger. I sat down and said, 'Now's the time to get a band.' I like electric music.

You and your band have various alliances to local music. Do people approach you as an elder statesman of the scene? A Godfather. What are your ties?

Well, really, I've only been around a short while. Perhaps through these ties, yes. As for a Godfather, I've never had to call in a hit [laughs]. Sorry. OK, the ties: there's Destroyer, who's made up from members of Scott's bands, Meet Daisy/Ticker-Tape Parade/Sojourner; as well as Steve's bands, Infernal Devices/Steep/Old Man Wood. And then there's The New Pornographers, which is John from Smugglers/Evaporators, Carl from Zumpango/Superconductor, Fisher who plays in lots of bands, Blaine and myself. There's also The Vancouver Knights, which is just over a year old, and is made up of itself, Sarah from Krevis/Texas Crusaders — it's her main vehicle, she plays guitar and piano — and Jen from Krevis/The Tonics as well. The Vancouver Knights have a new drummer now, Brady, who's got lots of things on the go, including The Secret Three.

What was the first indie show you saw in Vancouver?

It was super late in the game. Maybe The Smugglers with Superconductor at the Town Pump, or perhaps Krevis. I saw a lot of local bands open up for out of town acts. I remember seeing Mecca Normal quite early.*

Destroyer Deconstructed: The Main Themes of Destroyer's *City of Daughters* LP

Of Andalusian blood, Destroyer draws direct lineage to Old Spain and the strange landscapes that fueled the enigmatic dreams of the passionate poet Garcia Lorca, paranoid painter Dali, as well as the infamous auteur of *Un Chien Andalou*, Luis Buñuel. Like this triage of Spanish eccentricities, Destroyer's (lyric) canvases are ripe with the interplay of demonic themes: love, hate, desire, and, sadly, their tragic ends. For a bard who simply "bounces" words around, his sonorous poems offer rigorous forays into the troubling vistas made from the harrowing affairs of both decent and indecent people! We encounter villains and saints, the poor and the rich, and of course losers and lovers — all painted by the same brush of his unique, unspooled music. So, while sporting notoriously oblique lyrics, Destroyer offers up a bold challenge: conquer the inherent complexities of both language and emotions, understand the sounds of old and new, and, finally, visit his antithesis of throwaway pop — *The City of Daughters* — before it lies in ruin! Here's some of the attractions along the way:

Comments on the World As Will

With lyrics like "We demand a new dawn/ There are no locks, there are no keys/ Only executors and executives" and instructions: "To shy away from days of opulence," Destroyer effectively begins with the grand statement — social/political/economic relations are stagnant! The "will" referenced in the title is that of general humanity, for, as Destroyer notes, we have supped too long on "villainy" and must begin the process of erecting a new body. Sounds easy? Just listen to his damning of legal affairs! Overall, a brilliant album opener. Delicate yet dense, it's the sort of song Michael Stipe would take and make overthought.

No Cease Fire!

For some, this is considered the album's centerpiece and thematic anchor. Destroyer wisely offers his most poignant kicks straight up — "Think globally, act nobly! The ties that bind us blind us." Then the catchy 4/4 beat comes in and carries this "supposedly" protagonist-less song through four minutes of jaunty bliss. If love is a crime, Destroyer knows we must all be guilty — but not as guilty as those who stand above the rank and file — i.e., the rows and rows of "Admirals" who govern the prison-like state of love. (Yes, it's subtitled "Crimes against the state of our love, baby").

Dark Purposes

The album's first completely solo song. I like this number, although much of the naked passion in Dan's voice obscures his abnormal and entertaining tale of modern day chivalry. Then again, he could simply be reading the *Daily Telegraph*.

Loves of a Gnostic

"Nothing does a body good, like another body" ... With a series of observations from the heretical dawn, Destroyer welcomes the Gnostic, the Esoteric and the Unorthodox at his table, in this very heartfelt, quiet number — which, on closer examination, concerns itself with ideas of transformation, individual revolt and the romance of subtle rebellion.

The Space Race

With the nice re-working of a Salinger book title, Destroyer now croons, "Raise the ramparts high/ Beneath a canopy of lies, as it were," and here identifies with the said author's general distaste of '60s idealism. As Destroyer observes, what were once damned as "lies" are now, in the '90s, merely recognized as the differences of opinion: "One could say we've lost the Space Race/ Another one could say we've won."

You were so Cruel

With Robin Hitchcock-esque production, Dan's reverby voice is ghost-like as he recounts the horror of first discovering spite, which, conceivably, occupies the anonymous areas of his head. "Something happened, which shouldn't happen" is a sorrowful chorus which hangs heavy on the whole album — as if to say, "Grief is here to stay."

Signs

Perhaps the most academically straight song on the album. We have a complete confession from Destroyer: "Her interests are classical at best/ Best in modern times, modern minds/ Signs signs everywhere, Signs." His knowledge of semantics comes through in this ironic style, as if acknowledging the sheer difficulties that face communication through his poetic shuffling of words from his sleeves.

Destroyerography:

True love forever: two self-titled, self-released cassettes

Destroyer: Signs, self-released cass. (limited edition of 10-15)

Destroyer: self-titled, reissued cass. (Tinker)

Destroyer: *We'll Build Them a Golden Bridge* CD (Tinker)

Destroyer: *Ideas for Songs* cass. Four-track ramblings/preludes to *Daughters* (Granted Passage)

Destroyer: *City of Daughters* LP only (Cave Canem/Tinker)

Destroyer: "You can't go home again" (from *Switzerland* is *My Best* cass. comp (Granted Passage)

7 inch



BY THE INVISIBLE CLAIRE

My vascular, nervous, and endocrine systems seem to have united against me. It's strange; twinges in the veins of my right leg will precede random numbnesses in my back, followed by deficits in the speech centres of my brain and the bone of my short leg, migraine headaches. However, like the sensible creature I am, I have neither consulted a doctor nor rectified my attitude towards sleep. [My current attitude towards sleep: avoiding it, preferably for long, almost godlike periods of time, builds character and makes one more interesting.] These little experiments we conduct on our bodies are, I suppose, all a part of the transition from a state of dependent childhood to independent adulthood. I'm just a late bloomer. Further evidence of the progression of my mania can be found in the fact that this little anecdote has nothing to do with seven inch records, or indeed any form of recorded media at all.

ASSEMBLY LINE PEOPLE PROGRAM
"Critical Gate" b/w "Glass State"
(Transcopic, 12 Dear Park Road, South Wimbeldon, London, SW19 3TW UK)
 There's been an accident. A crane collapsed and the Math department of Punk University smashed right into the Arts wing, injuring hundreds of undergrads. Fortunately, they've got bedrest, hot tea, and a bubbly dub remix by **Third Eye Tribe** to help them through recovery.

THE DONNAS/ THE GROOVIE GHOULES
"Wig Wam Bam" b/w "Funny Funny"
(Gearhead, PO Box 421219, San Francisco, CA, 94142)
 On this split release from Gearhead records, the infamous **Donnas** contribute two minutes of their trademark yuppy teenage crotch rock. "Wig Wam Bam" actually quite catchy, but I will never

forgive the Donnas for that "radio radio, gimme gimme" song which has blighted my existence since it arrived at CTR several months back. **The Groovie Ghoulies'** song, "Funny Funny," is just as catchy, but several times less aggravating.



FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM
S/T
(eMPTY, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA, 98102)
 "Viva El Gato," the first song on this four-song 7", is probably the best of the bunch, although the entire release is of a distinctly high calibre. It be-

longs to the fast, tight-picking, very nearly glam school of garage punk. The guitar licks on "Von Ferno" show that **Fireballs of Freedom** are not averse to a little wacky showmanship where it counts.

JENNY MAE/GEM
"Cancel The Game" b/w "A Clove of Harlots"
(Spare Me, 127 Great Mills, Staten Island, NY, 10308)
 My quality detector detects nothing. It might be broken, so who knows.

MARSHMALLOW COAST
The Scint of Credibility
(Spare Me, see above)
 This is an admirable attempt at cheesy demo-program mosh-pup song off-key by caring boys. The song titles are quite nice: "Darker Side of Lightning," "Shimmering in a Bulb of Glass," "Squirt Out The Lights," "So n' So's With Emeralds In The Sky." Maybe this is what AM radio would sound like after a few qualudes. A quaint, witty little excursion.

THE NEED W/ JOE PRESTON & DJ ZENA
(Up, PO Box 21328, Seattle, WA, 98111-3328)
 Mad geniuses are rather rare. It is for this reason that I advocate the praise, purchase, and near-constant audiotape of every **The Need** production.

be it musically satisfying or not. I like to think that Rachel and Radio find a need, a niche if you will, in the musical world — I imagine them reaching their full potential as a sort of female **Coil**: crazy pervs rewiring brains as easily as they rewire guitar pedals. The Need are, like Coil, in a state of grace as far as my opinion is concerned. They could release ten volumes of looped cat noises and I would still sing their praises. The new 10", on Up Records, brings morbid sex back into the disco where it belongs. "Vaseline" is super space creep stalker rock, true to form, very nice indeed. Lots of hooks and mania here. "Talk Potty," despite an encouraging title, wheedles on a bit before finally degenerating into a dub 'n' bass. Not their best work, but then again the Need are a lot of great music than about convincing suggestible freaks (like myself) to dress sharp, smoke home-made chemistry experiments, and get laid on stacks of Bibles. Live the Need!

SPOON
"30 Gallon Tank" # 3
(Peek-A-Boo Industries, PO Box 49542, Austin, TX, 78751)
 The title track pines around like crazy. I can't really define

it beyond that, but it is very good. "Car Radio" features fuzz, expertly manipulated to a level unmatched since **The Jesus and Mary Chain**. The stereo panning is a nice touch. "Revenge" features a big bang drum sound and bubbly keyboards. And finally, the vocals on "I Could Be Underground" alternate between **Prince-falsetto** and **Nick Cave-drone**.

SUNDAY PUNCHER
"Do Over" b/w "Jury Duty"
(Turnbuckle, #435-163 3rd Ave., New York, NY, 10003)
 Sort of like shock therapy. I'm in a hurry to finish this column, so sentence fragments will have to suffice.

VIDI VITTIES
(Peek-A-Boo, see above)
 Vague memories of a previous Vidi Vitti release stir up the murky depths. They seem to be good memories, but details are not currently forthcoming. All that aside, "Aguardiente" is the coolest Latin guitar instrumental ever. Even if the rest of the single were utter crap, which it is not, I would give the Vidi Vitties genius props just for that song alone. These folks have magic fingers and brains. They should be gilded and put on display during times of public celebration.

Printed Matters

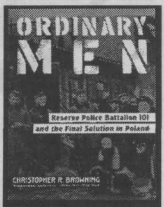


BY GREG ELLIOTT

CHRISTOPHER R. BROWNING
Ordinary Men Reserve Police Battalion 101 and the Final Solution in Poland
(HarperCollins)
DANIEL JONAH GOLDHAGEN
Hitler's Willing Executioners: Ordinary Germans and the Holocaust
(Vintage)
 Since this is the 53rd anniversary of the Second World War, I figured it was time to remember the most vile events of that struggle.

As we all know, World War II was fought over the liberation of the Jews — considering what ever all-encompassing definition of "Jewishness" the Nazis, and ordinary Germans, held — than the American Civil War of 1861-1865 was fought over the emancipation of the slaves. And yet, in a multicultural, multi-ethnic nation like Canada, often cannot believe how a nation like 20th-century Germany could willingly and enthusiastically scour almost an entire continent to murder people solely on the basis of their religious beliefs. But it is impossible upon reflection to believe anything else could have occurred in nations like post-WWII Germany,

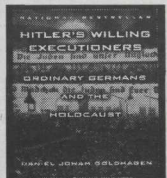
given the social conditioning of its citizens.
 It is this conditioning which Browning and Goldhagen explore. How could ordinary Germans — who were neither Party nor SS members — actively, voluntarily, and brutally chase, assault, and murder fellow Germans and strangers who posed no threat to them? *Ordinary Men* explores the actions of a single unit involved in the eradication of Jews over a two-year period in Poland. In it, we find people initially not so different from ourselves. Over a period of time, however, they actively participated in the bar-



baric practices of mass murder, ghetto clearing, and "Jew-hunts." Their postwar reminiscences, tinged with tainted "remorse" for their actions, reveal that, at the time, they felt guiltless for murdering innocents; indeed, at the time they felt proud. Browning explores the range of men in the battalions, from those who proudly enjoyed their genocidal acts to those who evaded them. He also reveals the potential for self-exorcism from the killings: individual soldiers — not only without the condemnation of their fellows and superiors, but also with the overt approval of Himmler himself — could choose not to participate and even to transfer to other duties without penalty.

Goldhagen's *Hitler's Willing Executioners* studies why so few bothered to evade those duties. Instead of considering how the Nazi Party converted the Germans from holding neutral attitudes toward Jews to ones of virulent animosity, Goldhagen shows how Germans had long before been incited with anti-Semitic beliefs. In the introductory chapters, he uncovers a range of anti-Semitic literature and politics from the Middle Ages, in-

cluding Christianity's positions that the Jews rejected the true faith and killed Jesus. This heresy could be



somewhat absolved through conversion to Christianity. As the centuries progressed, a call for the removal of legal restrictions against those of the Jewish faith came. But it wasn't a popular call: many protested this radical departure from institutionalized anti-Semitism. Even those who fought for the abolition of anti-Semitic policies felt that, given time and the freedom to choose, the Jews would recognize their moral corruption and would assimilate into the larger body social. Such was not the case. Jews persisted in being Jewish, although they were also finally recognized as also being Germans. Their refusal to convert raised the eliminationist ire of even their supposed supporters.

With social Darwinism came the belief that Jews were not and could not be considered true Germans, a

sentiment which began in the late nineteenth century. Even at this time, people began to discuss methods of removing Jews permanently from Germany. In Germany, as in many nations of the period, nationalism was tightly bound to racism. Anti-Semitism was abundant in most, if not all, European nations — including those founded in the New World. It was based not in reality, nor through experience, but through education by the church, in the schools, and from one's parents. The postwar period after the First World War provided fertile soil for the further development of eliminationist anti-Semitism. Some, like Hitler, began to profess an exterminationist view — for the Jews were not seen as humans, but as demonic pests. He was very overt about it: if they left Germany, good; if they slaughtered them, so much the better. Many Germans, feeding on the belief that Jews were the cancer of Germany, were literally the agents of the Devil, were of the same mind.

Upon Hitler's accession to power, many institutions — social and governmental — exceeded the anti-Semitic agenda of the state. The judiciary and the civil service were particularly noted for this. Even without government orders, cities and towns strove to become *judenrein*. The Germans weren't indifferent to the suffering of Jews, they saw it as necessary. Raised upon fantasies of the malevolence of their Jewish countrymen/women, the Germans were ready to depart on the mass murder bandwagon.

Mc're frighteningly, it wasn't because they felt compelled by the state to do so.

The German people often loudly and successfully protested against the policies of the Nazis, whether it be the euthanasia program against the mentally and congenitally ill or its anti-Christian policies. Strikes were also successful during this period, indicating possibly that Hitler's Germany was not as totalitarian a state as Stalin's Soviet Union. In other words, the Holocaust occurred because ordinary Germans were willing to perpetrate it. That being said, it is true there were Germans who rebelled the Nazis' anti-Semitic policies, but they appeared to be few in number. In Thuringia, a land of around 850,000, the Gestapo only found 52 complaints against the Holocaust. It is also true that in many of the nations Germany occupied, the locals were willing to help the Germans ferret out their fellow nationalists.

Goldhagen does not assume that the Germans, by being Germans, are guilty for the Holocaust. Instead, as noted above, he shows that, as individuals, they were predisposed culturally, not naturally, towards anti-Semitic brutality. Indeed, as Goldhagen notes:

"For Germans to confront this horrific part of their past is unpleasant in the extreme. That so many are willing to do so is yet another indication of how radically transformed democratic Germany has become in the second half of the twentieth century" (p. 466).

Video Philter

BY TANIA BOLSKAYA

Living in Seoul, South Korea, was not the easiest thing I've ever done in my life. It's crowded, dusty—it's not Vancouver. To hide the time, I'd go down to the American section of Seoul and hang out in the back of a watering hole (and I do mean hole) called Nashville. The only thing that kept me in that place was the free movies they played on the big screen TV they'd set up in the back room. Sometimes, for eight hours at a stretch, I'd plant my ass in front of the screen and along with the usual assortment of high-ranking American military personnel and fellow English teachers, I'd envelop myself in whatever celluloid trash they chose to screen that day.

One fine Saturday, I was in the middle of watching some of the trashiest crap ever filmed. It was a rip of *Fatal Attraction* called *Malicious*, and it had "Set at video" written all over it. Set at a college, this masterpiece starred *Molly Ringwald* in the *Glenn Close* femme fatale role. The former squeaky clean '80s queen meets some "nice" guy who already has a wonderful caring girlfriend, and she succeeds in convincing him to have sex with her on the hood of her car in the middle of a rainstorm. [Oh, how dirty!] As the camera pulls back, the music and the actors approach climax, and I realize THEY'RE HAVING SEX IN THE MIDDLE OF NAT BAILEY STADIUM! Right in the middle of centre field. Thank God the weather was bad and the Canadians' game had obviously been rained out. Believe me, I haven't been able to go to a game since.

Over the past ten years, Vancouverites have become increasingly aware of our city's popularity with movie makers and TV hacks from the lower 48. Precious downtown parking spots mysteriously become no stopping zones, well-guarded catering tables tempt and entice us, and suspension of disbelief is unwelcomingly shattered when moviebros supposedly set

in "Chicago" or "Portland" suddenly sport gun battles in Robson Square. However, the most annoying thing about the movies (and TV series) that are filmed in Vancouver is that, like the delicious *Malicious*, they are so absolutely terrible.

When a studio knows they have a cheese-bad script, a hack director and a cast of ham, the first decision must be to send the whole troupe to Vancouver and forget about it. That must have been what the makers of *The Crush* were thinking. This 1993 gem stars Cary Elwes (*The Princess Bride*) as a man who stumbles onto a really great place to rent for cheap [so you know this one's not actually set in Vancouver] and Alicia Silverstone (pre-*Clueless*) as the nubile daughter of his wealthy landlord. Again ripping off *Fatal Attraction*, but with a jail-bait version of the Glenn Close role, *The Crush* is a fine evening's entertainment for anyone who wants their filmed-in-Vancouver trash undisturbed by anything resembling credibility or refinement.

Though I can't think of a really good movie made in Vancouver by a Hollywood studio [if you're thinking *Cousins*, read Pauline Laë's review], I can recommend a few excellent films filmed in Vancouver by Vancouverites. Funny, touching, and not a Glenn Close-inspired character in site, is *Mina Shum's Double Happiness*, centred on the dilemma of a young Chinese-Canadian woman. Canadian enough to want a career and an independent life, and Chinese enough to want to please her parents, the character of Jade was subtly and honestly brought to the screen by writer/director Shum and actress *Sandra Oh*. Shum's latest work, *Drive, She Said*, played at the Vancouver International Film Festival last year and is finally going to make it to a regular theatre in the next month. A "romantic comedy-cum-road movie" about a bank robbery, a hostage

taking, and major life decisions, the Film Festival guide described the picture as "an emotion-fueled top-down ride."

Now onward on video is perhaps one of the best films ever filmed in this fair city: *Kissed*. Brought to the big screen in 1996 by UBC Film School graduate *Lynne Stopkewich*, the setting of the film is never mentioned, but Vancouver's moody weather and dark natural allurement are an integral part of this unusual story. From a very early age, a girl (Sandra) is obsessed with dead things and the passage from life to death. As an adult, Sandra [played with perfect restraint by local actress *Molly Parker*] translates this into necrophilia. The glory of Stopkewich's vision is her ability to transform this "unnatural" act into something that can be at least partially understood by the average viewer. Says Roger Ebert (the no-holds-one), "One would think there was no way to film this material without disgusting the audience.... What is amazing is that, at the end, we feel some sympathy for Sandra, some understanding." If, by virtue of *Kissed*, a millionaire middle-American can see the beauty of fucking the dead, the movie works.

Looking ahead to the status of film in Vancouver, the signs are positive. Next month's Vancouver International Film Festival will no doubt take the time and the screens to display some fine local talent. [Check next month's *DISORDER* for a festival preview.] For the DIV crowd, the newly opened *Blinding Light Cinema* (36 Powell) has made a call for submissions to the Vancouver Underground Film Festival and on September 22/23 will feature a program of new local works. Finally, as it dipped below the horizon of innovation and into the eternal darkness of banal mediocrity, the *XFiles*, both movie and TV series, has moved to LA. See ya, wouldn't want to be ya!

Basslines

BY DJ NOAH • dinoah@direct.ca

If you are a regular reader of *BASSLINES*, then you would know that I have frequently written about the local electronic scene. In fact, that's primarily what the focus of this column was intended to be. I wanted to bring to you the artists, the deejays, the people behind the scenes, as well as the music that are all organs in the body of the "underground" scene. This month, I decided to talk about the three major steps in the journey of music, from artist (*DAN HANDRABUR*) to label (*NETWORK*) to record store (*MEKANIX*).

Dan Handrabur is by far one of Vancouver's top electronic artists, if not the top. His discography is filled with albums and songs that have drawn worldwide attention; *Everest* (Dan and Phil Western as *Off & Gone*), *Welcome to Lotus Land* compilation, *Frequencies From The Edge Of The Tactonic Plate* compilation, *Magnetic Blue* compilation, *Coordinate 01* compilation series, *Ethnic Dub Symphony in Ten Parts* (as *Mere Mortals*), and the list goes on. Recently, Dan signed a multi-record deal with *Network's* Record Records. For Dan, it was part necessity and part interest that led him to sign. He had been working on a lot of new tracks in his quiet suburban home and saw an opportunity to get his music out to the people. He knew of *Network's* capability to export their artists' material around the world and of their great track record with artists like *Consolidated*, *Skinny Puppy*, and *Sarah McLachlan*.

So far, Dan has completed a *Dreamlogic* full-length with the aid of his wife, Cristina

(*Lunar Essence*), as well as another project, *Weed*. Both of these albums are slated for release on *Network* sometime this year. There are no titles to the albums, although I have learned that *Truth, Love, Spirit* is one of the possibilities for the *Weed* album. Also, Dan has informed me that he is working on a symphonic soundtrack for an animated movie, *Synesthesia*, that will be released by an established animation company towards the end of this year. The soundtrack is all classical music, which is fitting considering that Dan was trained in classical music. He feels like he is coming full circle.

Weed is a sort of trip-hop crossover band. There is a keyboard player, a bassist, a drummer, Cristina providing some vocals, and Dan. Other different instruments are used as well but none of them are heard the way they come out. They are "fiddled with" in an electronic way so as to come out tweaked and morphed. The album was mastered in New York City by Ted Jensen, who is known mostly for his work with *Madonna*, and while it may end up being released in Europe first, Vancouverites can be assured that they will be exposed to *Weed* as soon as I can get my hands on a bootleg copy. Just kidding, Dan!

The album is "very digestible," says Dan, referring to its 50-minute length and the short attention span of people these days, and it will be pushed as a whole rather than a single being picked first. I guess it will be up to radio and club DJs to pick a possible single after the album is released.

While they may be jumping on the band-wagon a little

bit late, *Network* still has great intentions with respect to releasing electronic dance music. As of right now, Dan is the only dance artist on *Network* but others are sure to follow. They have released material recorded on *Subconscious Records*, also out of Vancouver (who have put out at least five albums in the last year thanks to the seemingly endless talent of *Phil Western*, *Kevin Key* and *Anthony Valicic*) and also recently released the *Roni Size* remixes of *Sarah McLachlan's* "Sweet Surrender." I think that *Network Records* will be able to help Vancouver a great deal, with distribution and recognition of its electronic artists that sign with them, but I still have much respect for the even more independent labels like *Map Records* (who are bringing *Sven Yath* to Vancouver on September 17th!), *Outersanctum*, *Mof Funk* and those artists that are releasing material completely on their own.

Once *Weed* and *Dreamlogic* (the artist) are released on *Network* (the label), they will surely find their way into *Mekanix* (the record store). *Mekanix* is Vancouver's newest record/dj gear store and, while small, they will quickly become the hotspot for techno music in Vancouver. With *Bassix* having cornered the market on house and *Hush* and *Futuristic Flavour* carrying mostly progressive house and jungle, *Mekanix* will fill the space left by these stores in providing the best techno in the city.

So there you have the journey of music—from artist to label to store. All that is left is for someone to buy the music and hear it to give it life. •

FILM FEST PRIZE PACKS

Thanks to those cinephiles at the Vancouver International Film Festival, we have 2 prize packs to give away of a programme guide, a poster, and 6 tickets to 3 films.

Send us a postcard with your name and number and a reason why you should win. Deadline is September 18th.

Send to: DISORDER Film Contest
233-6138 SUB Blvd
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Under Review



ALBUMS • ZINES

ATVIV

German Warer
(Secretly Canadian)

Right away, **Atvivi** appears to fall clearly into the so-called math or post rock territory, with their tightly played instrumental music, little or only tasteful distortion use, and clever arrangements, all at a mostly mid-tempo pace. Even their record title sort of cops the imagery popular with the supposed genre (all things nautical, you see). Not to mention the album's art — as beautiful as it may be — with its simple design and old press look and feel.

But if we turn a blind eye to such admittedly obvious signifiers, leaving the music to be taken on in terms of its formal qualities, **Atvivi** does undeniably nice work. Their songs are interesting, evocative and well put together, with low, key, interlocking melodies, efficient drumming and the occasional sound effect — it's all good stuff. Yet while they get a lot of out there two guitarists plus drums line up, there's still a problem: It's hard not to just list off all the familiar like-sounding bands they resemble. Because, in the end, **Atvivi** does sound derivative. Don't get me wrong; they do produce a highly enjoyable, very listener-friendly variation of the same old themes, techniques and strategies of their peers and mentors. Certainly, there are much worse acts wandering around in this area. In other words, I dig it, but I've heard it before.

Brady Cranfield

THE CARTELS

Kingpin

(Outlaw)

The **Cartels** are an amazing live band. They absolutely blew me away when I saw them. They didn't even have their real drummer, but they were tight and fast. Punk rock at its finest. I still don't know, though... This album isn't bad or anything, but it doesn't grab you by the hair and swing you around the room either. Save your money, go see them live and if you like them, buy the CD.

Dave Tolani

BIKINI KILL

The Singles

(Kill Rock Stars)

This is proof that Riot Grrrl will never die quietly. **Bikini Kill** were the rage back in the mid-'90s and everybody loves 'em still, thanks to this reminder, packaged as a 7" singles collection.

This CD is a crash-course in punk rock feminism, passionately and powerfully taught by Kathleen Hanna and company. This compilation of all the hard-to-find bits is impossible to dislike. It's

time to learn about girl power from those, like Bikini Kill, who actually live it.

Julie Calero

THE BRIAN JONESTOWN MASSACE

Strung Out in Heaven

(TVT)

The sticker on the CD proclaiming "get ready for the revolution, baby!" really made me want to dislike this album. On first listen, it sounded familiar, but it wasn't until the second listen that I realized it reminded me of those long Sunday afternoons in high school, watching the *History of Rock 'n' Roll* on TV, hoping to catch the punk episode, but having to settle for the "British invasion" episode.

But you know, it is actually a pretty good album, even if the band does tend to use the whole retro thing for all its worth. It is rather derivative, but at least it's done well. A tight band, some rather catchy vocals, and excellent production. As for the actual songwriting, well... at times, it seems that the songs have likely been written by live out of seven high school journal keepers. Whatever, the **Brian Jonestown Massacre** has got its own schick. I'll take this album over a reunion tour any day.

Paul B

THE CONNELLS

Sill life

(TVT)

Dear Connells,

I'm a little surprised that bands — any band for that matter — can release what essentially amounts to the same album over and over again.

And you guys seem to have made a career out of it. You've released album after album of bland, mediocre, only-marginally-better-than-*Heute and the Wolfshaus* post-roxy pop. You've got very little in the way of diversity or dynamics; all your songs lack life and energy. In fact, they're just plain monotonous.

I'm amazed that after all these years you haven't aspired to try anything different and I'm equally surprised you've endured more than ten years with virtually the identical lineup. C'mon, admit it — surely you guys must get a bit bored. It sure sounds like it.

Love always,

Fred freed

DI ANDY SMITH

The Document

(Phase 4)

Most DJ mix CDs/tapes I hear in the house/techno, etc. form usually showcase the DJ's abilities to layer and meld tracks to create their own vision of the music, or in the swing of Ninja Tune,

scratch their way to new sounds. This mix is neither; instead, it is an eclectic mix of hip hop, soul and old school breaks, from **Grandmaster Flash** to passion crooner **Marvin Gaye** to funkier **Barry White** to the sliced-and-diced hip hop of **Jeru the Damaja**. DJ Andy does showcase a bit of his scratching talents, but for the most part this is a strange mix of music and something I've never really heard before. The tracks are mostly dropped, sometimes beat-matched, but are always skillfully flowing from one genre to the other. Don't mistake all of the scratching for DJ Andy, though — this mix CD includes **Grandmaster Flash's** "Adventures in the Wheels of Steel" which is purely the Master... not Andy. *Wired.*

808 STATE

808:8:9:8

(ZTT)

This is a 10-years-of-**808 State** compilation that brings back flooding memories like the opening ocean-synths in the infamous first track "Pacific" to the haunting, slow school-journal keepers, "Cubik." Everything from 808's side projects with **Azura** to their hip-hop excursion **The Only Rhyme That Bites** and a more recent jungle mix of "Cubik" to their good Brahmo, I hate to say it... top 40 chart "Oneliners" is on here.

Expect well laid out beats in **Meatbeat Manifesto** style that laid groundwork for early projects by **Prodigy** and **The Chemical Brothers**. Don't expect the latter's cheese level though — 808 is true to their era and always cutting-edge and staying ahead with their dreamy synths and breakbreaks. You may have also heard some of 808's tracks gracing one of extreme-skiing filmmaker **Greg Stump's** movies. They inspire that sort of panorama-vision-like I'm-in-Tibet syndrome, or for those of us that remember, thumping the walls of some dirty and dank warehouse with the throbbing masses.

tobias

DAVE FISCHOFF

Winston Park

(Secretly Canadian)

While **Elliott Smith** is supposedly, perhaps justifiably, poised to help revitalize "folk music" for the industry, more oddball artists such as **Dave Fischoff** remain pleasantly in the shadows, earnestly producing fine music without the dubious assistance of any spin-doctors. And this is definitely folk in the indie sense. Following **Lo Barlow's** lead, those lo-fi experiments are eas-

ily as important as **Bob Dylan's** famous electrification. Fischoff's sombre home-sounding recordings are quietly charming, if sometimes dissonant.

Fischoff's whispered and slurred vocals have a soft, quirky quality, and his pleasant voice is kind of reminiscent of **The Folk Implosion's** **John Davies**, to my ear. The emphasis throughout **Winston Park** is on Fischoff's vocal presence and his snapshot-like, economical, and beautiful lyrics. Everyday things are given an aura of romance or nostalgia, while situations are conveyed indirectly through oblique description.

The accompanying music is mostly lightly strummed and plucked guitar, which is recorded and mixed in a way that flattens out some of the directness. This produces a chiming mid-range, with little brightness, that blurs the directness of the notes and chords played. Occasional found sounds and droning noise fill up the extremely spare and slow-paced arrangements. Sad and winsome, this is a soothing, heartfelt recording. By the way, the track titled "926" is my favorite, with its cool, broken piano loop.

Brady Cranfield

FRENZAL RHOMB

Meet the Family

(Rubber)

Finally, a full-length **Frenzal Rhomb** in our hemisphere! Yes, it's Australia's punkiest band around, capturing that fast, catchy punk tunes... Plus, the song titles! "Be Still My Beating Off," "U.S. Anus," "Genitals are Funny," and of course, "Get Fucked Up Fuckin' Fuckwit," with which they were kicked off a TV show — justice.

This is one of the best releases of the year.

Trevor Flinging

GORKY'S ZYGOTIC MYNCI Barafunde

(Mercury)

It's hard to believe that Mercury would be supporting and promoting a Welsh band whose CD liner notes are virtually unreadable by any North American (they're mostly in Welsh), but good for them. **Gorky's Zygotic Mynci** reportedly toured the UK independent charts in 1995 when they first appeared on the scene. This band is great fun, with a myriad of sounds: harmonies, religious chanting, James Bond themes, psychedelic organs, New Orleans jazz, and '70s guitar rock. The traditional Welsh ballads — slipped in among more contemporary pop songs — provide a compelling complement that is enhanced by the use of traditional Welsh instruments. Great melodies and catchy riffs place this band way ahead of any formulaic Brit band (read: **Oasis**).

BR

IKILLMEINaC

somehow, mismeasured

(PUFF 'N' Play)

During a sweaty **Mos Def**

Mos Def show, someone topped me on the shoulder and handed me this home job. There's a scary looking cat/rat on the front of the construction paper liner notes. The songs are mostly slow and poppy. Weird flutes or something are mixed with a Korean guy talking and other recordings on a song called "Twinkle Little Sprinkle." jif has a low voice that seems to be recorded with a slight delay to create a full sound. The guitars use your run-of-the-mill pedals, the drums are pretty steady and the bass is nice. They sound like the colour silver. These kind of licks and ships and metal strings and rims. Any song on this album would fit in well on the **Singles** soundtrack. That was a really good idea. I bet I'd like **IKILLMEINaC** live. Look for some kind of director. These Vancouverites aren't anything new, but they're alright.

Christa Min

LOS AMIGOS INVISIBLES

The Sound of the Venezuelan Godzard

(Luaka Bop/Warner)

This is an album that is sure to get the party people moving. This is another international release on **David Byrne's** **Luaka Bop** label, which successfully blends '70s funk and soul, traditional South American styles, disco, dance, rap and hip/trip hop — all set to Spanish words and voices. This release is sure to please those with diverse musical tastes. Especially pleasing are the group shout choruses which purvey most of the disc's 19 songs. The band is having fun, and so will you.

Steve Guimond

ROSE MELBERG

Portals

(Double Agent)

This is a truly independent release and it demonstrates why, once in a while, I celebrate the fact that making a CD is so easy to do. **Portals** is a rare, playful album by **The Softies' Rose Melberg** that would never have been made or distributed by a major label. The simply-designed release includes leftover songs by Melberg and a few cover songs like **The Beatles' The End**, **The Everly Brothers' Crying in the Chapel**, and **David Byrne's** **Don't Stop Believin'**. Melberg's delicate voice haunts and delights.

BR

MIMI

Soak

(Luaka Bop)

Luaka Bop has put out some interesting music and, with production by the wacky **Hector Zazou**, I had high hopes for **Soak**. The music evokes the experimentation of **Laurie Anderson** and **Diamanda Galas**, but Mimi has the vocal range and clarity of **Sinead O'Connor**. The lyrics drive a post-apocalyptic fear: "blood veins drop change hope light bleeds dry/ shoot the breeze

dancing in the trees/ white with scar." The music, like the lyrics, contains layers of sound. These songs fire the senses and evoke the body. Feel this inside.

BR

MOGWAI

Kicking a Dead Pig plus Fear Scream, Mogwai songs remixed

(Jet Set)

As part of the latest burgeoning and laddish hot spot — the Scotland scene — **Mogwai's** post-space-rock experiments may be the thing to cheer up about. **MBV**, **Spaceman 3**, **Seefeel**, etc., fans. They have much in common with these older shoegazers: the dreaminess, the noisiness, the drones, the long songs, the thoughtful somberness, and an overt love of guitars — and lots of them. But there is neither complete salvation nor restoration of past music forms here. **Mogwai** is sometimes prone to excessively dramatic gestures, and some not-quite-defined lush-thrash dynamics. They still seem young and fairly unoriginal. This last point is no longer the issue it once was, though. Besides, **Mogwai** is pretty good.

Nevertheless, they are helping to prove the flexibility and ingenuity of guitar-based music, once again. In this sense, **Mogwai** can be seen as challenging the recent, too easy, mass popularization of "electronica." However, these boys appear to be losing their edge. A reaction from polemicists, and thus have jumped aboard the still prevalent ironic bonanza. But there is obvious sarcasm in the title of this decent and lively collection.

For a collection of remixes by many artists, including **Max Tundra**, **Arab Strap**, **Third Eye Foundation**, **Alec Empire**, **Klute**, **DJ Q**, **Kid Loco**, **My Bloody Valentine**, **Uziq**, **Surgeon** and **Mogwai** themselves — **Kicking a Dead Pig** is as cohesive as a good album by just one. While each contributor puts something of their signature onto the base tracks used — with **Max Tundra**, **Arab Strap** and **Mogwai's** self remixes standing out for me — it seems more that the remixers have become submersed within **Mogwai's** style. The individual songs may be altered, yet the overall aesthetic tends to clearly remain throughout, to good effect. This aesthetic continuity probably owes much to the technical side of **Mogwai's** practice, which takes advantage of the studio as an instrument in and of itself. This sentiment is probably shared by all of the artists involved. And in this case, this similarity helps define, and possibly confine, the creative **Mogwai** while the modern studio may be a place with great potential, without care, it can quickly and easily help result in somewhat homogeneous results, as found, for example, with all the significant features that make **Mogwai's** sound already familiar. This is also something brought to the studio environment. In this time of

(SYR)
In the last year, **Sonic Youth** have released three EP's — including the perfectly executed guitar drones on SYR1 and an ambient, avant-garde collaboration with **Gastel del Sol's Jim O'Rourke** on SYR3 — on their own label. These, combined with their pink-noise covered *A Thousand Leaves* LP for Geffen, hint

Apparently, every time Tricky Woo plays, it's nothing short of mayhem, involving jealous boy-friends and flying beer bottles. This is just one of those albums which you have to pick up to really understand what it's all about. Even then, I'm sure they'll end up surprising you again and again.

Ken Paul

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Happy Meals Vol. 2
(My)
As a follow-up to the very impressive first edition, volume two of *Happy Meals* performs

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Paris Is Sleeping
Respect Is Burning
Bonjour, mes petites grenouilles! Aujourd'hui — la fromage de la maison! Or, in English: a compilation of vocal, well-produced and sometimes cheesy French house music. Some good tracks also by non-French artists such as **Paul Johnson**, but also

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Techno Breakbeat: fast forward to the new century (Irma America)
Here's what I think happened: this company Irma America realized that the whole genre of electronic music suddenly had a huge market, so they decided to make a few CDs, then just let the music roll and counted their money. They didn't really put it in. They then had some Italian guy from Milan compile an album of shitty, unheard-of Italian acts (with overwhelmingly original artist names such as **Dr. Cool G.** and **Science Force** and song titles like "Devotion Dance"). However, what they didn't count on is that most people don't want to hear shite.

No sir, I don't have many positive words about this so-called compilation. Most songs are produced and/or copyrighted by the same three names, which leads me to be-

Brian Wieser

Real Live Action



LIVE MUSIC REVIEWS

ANI DIFRANCO REBIRTH BRASS BAND Saturday, July 11 Plaza of Nations

Tired of the same old summer fare, standing in line for huge festivals, and feeling like overcooked steak at a BBQ? In this world of eclectic nouveau Pacific Northwest Cuisine, summer calls for a slightly different recipe. Begin with a cool, misty outdoor venue. Add a tastetempting serving of spicy swing jazz, South-eastern and full of Cajun flavours. Chose with a shot of heartful applause, a perfect complement to the appetizer. While the palate is still warm and tingling, bring in the main course, nothing could be as satisfying as a juicy slice of politico-satirical, calanofolical folk. Ensure the set is trimmed with fluffy bits of keyboards and sampling, a side of tight dynamics, and smother with a unique stage presence sauce. Add blue hair for colour contrast, jacket tassels for textural variation, and you have a whole meal that will satisfy your aural appetite.

C'est magnifique. There could have been no better way to put a twist on a summer that is slowly growing stale. The **Rebirth Brass Band** were energetic and soulful and extremely mobile on stage. Of course, **Ani Difranco** was not to be outdone, playing percussion, guitar and generally having a blast while performing for a crowd of dancing Canadians on the last stop of this year's tour. Three encores? Who would have guessed?

Patrick Gross

BENJAMIN BAGBY'S BEOWULF Thursday, July 16 The Longhouse, UBC

Beowulf is generally accepted as the first great English literary masterpiece, the epic tale of a heroic Scandinavian and his adventures. Existing translations derive from a single manuscript, dated from the 11th century and, despite the horror of many first-year English students, *Beowulf* is one hell of a story.

Benjamin Bagby's claim-to-fame is his presentation of *Beowulf* in its original old English. Before launching into the text, he explained that each member of the audience had, in the programs that they had been given, a full translation of the text he was to relate.

I put the translation aside. While it was nice to have, Bagby is a true "scop," a bardic storyteller of yore, and his *Beowulf* is dramatic and theatrical. It was more fun listening, watching, trying to pick out words here and there that you could recognize.

As with any foreign language, the more I listened, the more I understood, and it was worth the effort. By the fourth of his "chapters," the audience was laughing and gasping and in sync with the story, turning the pages of their translation at the just right time.

I can't comment on Bagby's skill as a lyre player, but the music complemented the performance, which I'm sure was all it was meant to do. It doesn't really matter because Bagby made *Beowulf* fun. His performance was riveting, captivating, and the next time the Vancouver Early Music Festival brings him to town, this is a must-see performance.

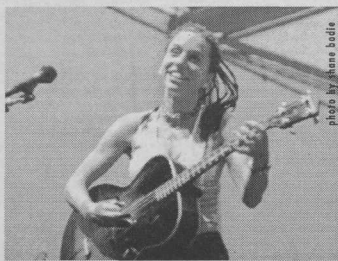
BK

AUTECHE PERFUME TREE DJ CHANTAL DJ ISIS & LISA-MARIE Thursday, July 30 Polladium

As I arrived, **DJ Isis & Lisa-Marie** were already playing records and the records they were playing were decent, trancey, and suited the evening. People brought drinks and

say they played "voted in," "fold4, wrap5," "colapz remote" and more. All the signature deep beats, bleeps and crackles, whirring, prickly sounds, and smooth, haunting melodies crisscrossing over the top. It was very dark in the Polladium, which was perhaps an aesthetic carried over from their new album art—it suited their minimal and lugubrious style.

My only criticism of the evening: besides a couple of head bobs now and then by one of the boys, we all might as well have been watching someone fix my VCR while listening to Auteche on a really good stereo. Not that I wanted them to be flexing on stage like the modern **Van Halen**, **Prodigy**, but watching Auteche hunched over a mixing board in the dark with maglens in their mouths wasn't doing a lot to help the image. I assume they played



'smiling' ani difranco at the plaza of nations

some people danced and it was early still. I got the impression, as **Perfume Tree** started to shuttle around on stage before playing, that there's an expectation on the part of the ticket buyer and an obligation on the part of the group to provide a reasonable semblance of a performance.

Lee Henderson

BEASTIE BOYS TRIBE CALLED QUEST MONEY MARK Saturday, August 1 Pacific Coliseum

BREAK OF DAWN BREAK OF DAWN BREAK OF DAWN BREAK OF DAWN... Is there an echo in here? No matter. The **Beasties** are from a much cooler planet than the one I live on, and this show confirmed it. How many bands you know go from three mcs and 1 dj to distorted guitar and punk tempos to a stand-up bass, a wah-wah pedal and bongo drums without any awkwardness? My head almost exploded in a good way when they played "Time for Livin'" and "Egg Raid on Mojo." The crowd wasn't as impressed with the hardcore as I was. They much preferred the hip hop samples.

Does anyone have an Asprin?

'Cause **Mix Master Mike** is sick!" screamed **AdRock**. **Mix Master Mike**'s skills were displayed on the 12 screen TV booth he scratched from. Money was spent well on the giant turntable stage that rotated 90° every half hour, and was complete with trap alone through which the **Boys** came on stage. Everyone on stage was dressed in matching jumpsuits reminiscent of exterminators/Hare Krishnas/innocents.

I'm glad **Money Mark** was on the keys because, during the two song encore, he did gymnastics, running around the stage and leaping over his keyboards. I'm glad also because I missed his opening per-

formance from the stage, and, while **McLagan** and the guitarist were fine musicians, this band just didn't seem as connected with the music as **Broggy** obviously was.

Maybe I was just spoiled by having heard Bill all by himself.

BK

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT FREEDER LAGOON Friday, August 7 Starfish Room

Wards cannot describe how completely awesome **Rocket From The Crypt** was. If I could think of anything, two words come to mind, and for anyone who was at the

peter murphy resurrecting the dead at the queen s.



formance. I blame my innate stupidity for missing him, and other circumstances beyond my control caused me to miss him. I cried when I could hear them from outside, and I cried later when people told me how great they were.

Disappointed I was in the sparse Milerepa propaganda and the spacy acoustics, but the **Beastie Boys** made me come out feeling like a winner.

Christa Min

BILLY BRAGG Monday, August 3 The Vogue

Charmie Billy Bragg was back in Vancouver last month, cracking jokes all the way. "Am I too late to enter the Comedy Festival?" Billy is the guy you want to run into at the pub, the guy who will sit and tell you stories and rant about everything that comes to his broodthinking mind. He joked about everything from Clinton to the World Cup. It was like having your very own Bill at the backyard barbecue.

He started off singing "Sexual-ity" and, despite the sex threat that he had, his Cockney voice rang true all by itself for nearly half the show. He played a few **Bragg** tunes, then he brought on Ian McLagan (from **The Small Faces**) to play keyboards for a while before launching into songs from **Mermaid Avenue**, the new album of **Guthrie** material that **Bragg** and **American** roots band **Wilco** recorded.

Bill talked of great length about Guthrie's song archive and about how "Bob Dylan" never wrote anything like this. He also played some of the new songs which belong in **Bragg**'s capable hands. My only complaint about the show was the backing band and the poor sound mix. Although they started touring together, **Wilco** was strongly ab-

show, you'll know what I'm talking about: scrambled eggs.

While watching opening act **Creepers Lagoon**, only four words come to mind: is it over yet?

Byce Dunn

THE MAGNETIC FIELDS AMERICAN ANALOG SET THE PACIFIC OCEAN Friday, August 14 Crocodile Cafe, Seattle

After the traditional and always delicious pre-Seattle show Mexican dinner, it was time for the traditional and always tedious wait for the club to open. Perhaps if I learned to drink myself into oblivion this would seem shorter.

I was in no mood to be converted tonight and **The Pacific Ocean** only helped confirm this belief. One part **Containe**, one part **Versus/Containe** and one part unknown to me (drummers), exuded a poor man's **Versus**. Seeing **analog Versus** themselves would seem incredibly pedestrian if it weren't for some intangible quality, it is no surprise I set my focus elsewhere, such as the light to stay awake.

American Analog Set has never done anything for me. When I returned from my ginger ole run, I ventured inside again to see what was up with the Set. They sounded very nice — the soundman at this place never disappoints — and if I had been in bed, I would probably even flip the record if it was still awake at the end of the side.

All of this dullness slipped quickly into the past as it was now time for the brilliant, dark homosexual (and he's even shorter than I expected, too) and catchy hooks of **Stephen Merritt's Magnetic Fields**. The surprise was no drums, no percussion of any sort at all. Sure, this wouldn't be a shock at the folk fest, but for a techno-pop band? Instead, it was a

lineup of guitar, cello, piano, and banjo and the occasional second guitar. It was beautiful. I knew these were great songs, but to hear them without the cheap synth and drum machine wall of sound found on their recordings made me think, "they aren't as really great songs." They were funny (much banter about that night's **Bauhaus** concert which they were jealous to have missed), performed songs I didn't recognize, even ad-libbed a phone request ("Play that song about Jerry Garcia and played some of Mr. More's voice could take no more. I was happy."

Sean Elliot

BAUHAUS Saturday, August 15

Saturday, August 15 Having grown up without the benefit of older siblings to introduce me to music (my parents are old-time country folk), I didn't come into **Bauhaus** until they had already exploded into their respective spin groups. But once I did know them, I always regretted the thought that I would never get to see them live.

Despite the reality that this was a reunion, the anticipation about this concert left different than any of those gone before. **Peter Murphy** summed it up during the show when he said, "This is not rock and roll. This is resurrection."

I have to admit that I expected to see more resurrected ghosts in attendance. There were a few, but I noticed that the those with the heavy makeup and costumes tended to be goats nouveau, while the goats-old were dressed in the more conservative black jeans. But it was ok, so black.

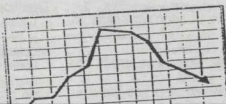
The show started with a fury of brilliant light and smoke. **Daniel Ash**, and **Kevin Haskins** were in place and playing "Double Dare," but **Peter Murphy** opted for an extreme close-up video appearance. He gazed into the camera and out at the audience with those hypnotic, shadowed eyes throughout the first song. **J** and **Ash** stayed, for the most part, on their sides of the stage, content to let **Peter Murphy** diva his way around the stage, playing to the lights and, not just touching, but grabbing the hands of a few audience members.

The only evidence that **Bauhaus** hasn't played together in 15 years came towards the end of the show. **Ash** and **J** launched into "She's In Parties," and **Murphy** missed his cue. While he implored his bandmates to restart, they kept playing. **Murphy** then launched into "Riders on the Storm." But the incident sparked a temporary tantrum which boiled over during "Kick In the Eye," when he yelled at the lighting crew before leaving the stage.

When **Bauhaus** returned to the stage for their first encore, they cracked into **T. Rex's** "Telegram Sam" and then into **David Bowie's** "Ziggy Stardust." It was easily the most energetic set of the night. The subsequent encores were less intense, with the 15-minute "Bela Lugosi's Dead" performance (with **Murphy** doing his best undead) was the perfect kick to the show.

BK

CiTR charts



WHAT'S BEING PLAYED ON 101.9 FM

sept. 98 long vinyl

1	stompin' tom	souvenirs	emi
2	the sodas	precious moments	bloodshot
3	bikini kill	the singles	kill rock stars
4	liz phair	whitechocolate...	matador
5	various	oh canaduh! 2	lance rock
6	duotang	the cons & the pros	mint
7	fortune & maltese	and the phabulous pall ...	get hip
8	beastie boys	hello nasty	grand royal
9	the spinanes	arches and aisles	sub pop
10	d.b.s.	i is for insignificant	sudden death
11	shonen knife	happy hour	big deal
12	tricky woo	the enemy is real	sonic unyon
13	barbous	crackle	beggars banquet
14	cool	one track mind	independent
15	frogs	sounds of north american ...	smithsonian
16	billy bragg & wilco	mermaid avenue	elektra
17	joel rl phelps	downtier trio: iii	pacifico
18	the grassy knoll	iii	netwerk
19	render useless	render useless	clue #2
20	various	pretty in pop	endearing
21	squirrel nut zippers	perennial favourites	mammoh
22	ray condo & his ...	door to door	joaquin
23	arab star	philophobia	matador
24	circlesquare	and deeper encase ...	independent
25	solarbaby	the power of negative ...	teenage usa
26	gangster politics	gangster politics	moon skat/stomp
27	tuscadero	my way or the ...	teen beat
28	hard rubber orchestra	cruel yet hair	victo
29	richard buckner	since	mca
30	bis	intendo	grand royal
31	mean red spiders	places you call home	teenage usa
32	magwai	kicking a dead pig	jetset
33	barbara manning	in new zealand	communism
34	pedro the lion	it's hard to find ...	made in mexico
35	sianspheric	there's always someplace ...	sonic unyon

sept. 98 short vinyl

1	the kiss offs	bottle blonde	peek-a-boo
2	curse of horseflesh	the fuck you say ...	ship rec'd
3	the go-devils	and	feline
4	icu	despite the smell ...	n.e.w./k
5	forbidden dimension	i kiss yer shadow	ship rec'd
6	the vendettas	can't stop	360 twist
7	murder city devils	dancing shoes	die young, stay pretty
8	bunnygrunt/rizzo	split	kityboo
9	eric the red	life after tuesday	caulfield
10	longstocking	will you stay?	k
11	disgusteens	nothing personal	longshot
12	sunday puncher	do-over	turnbuckle
13	rizzo	thymaster	cher doll
14	capt. qin.	capt. qin.	turkucken
15	tight brothers	take you higher	ten-in-one
16	sick bees	push	up
17	gem/jenny mae	split	spare me
18	jule doiran/snailhouse	do you remember ...	stereo-type
19	tom freund	digs	red ant
20	sarah dougher	break in a brand new ...	k

sept. 98 indie home jobs

1	clover honey	three four
2	tickertape parade	audience with the pope
3	leeches	donkey kong
4	samsara seven	tug o war
5	we'cooshila	i am not a woman
6	touch & gas	campus radio bay
7	london paris	unmatched sock
8	full sketch	sketchersize
9	captain cook & nootka sound	i'm glad for you
10	destroyer	karen is in rome
11	mizmo	sprite
12	kirby grips	mod boy
13	joel	back for thirds
14	hissy fit	s.h.e.
15	ip5	fuzzyhead pills
16	submission hold	ed anger
17	dreamy angel	laundromat queen
18	starboys	canadian beer
19	daddy's hands	statistic whigs
20	squeaky	ten twenty-three

top 10 '80s metal albums col. sander's hideout tuesdays 1:00 pm - 2:30 pm

1	iron maiden	number of the beast
2	metallica	master of puppets
3	judas priest	screaming for vengeance
4	motley crue	shout at the devil
5	ozzy osbourne	blizzard of ozz
6	slayer	south of heaven
7	w.a.s.p.	s/t
8	ratt	up from the cellar
9	scorpions	blackout
10	guns & roses	appetite for destruction

NEW tunes that kept the discorder production crew going

SPINANES • LIZ PHAIR • TIED & TICKLED TRIO • PEPPER SANDS • TAKAKO MINEKAWA • SELBY TIGERS • DAVID GRUBBS • RHEOSTATICS • LAMBCHOP • ASIAN DUB FOUNDATION • UNITED SCHACH CORPORATION • JOEL RL PHELPS • BARBARA MANNING • DUB NARCOTIC • PULLMAN • JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION

GOOD NASTY COMIC

by Jason da Silva



On The Dial



YOUR ON-AIR GUIDE TO CTR 101.9 FM

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:30-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THEROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Ragga into all styles and fashions.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE alt. 3:00-5:00PM Real cowshit caught in yer boots country.

WIRELESS alt. 3:00-5:00PM
QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music from musicians of all sexual preferences and gender

identities.

HELLO INDIA 8:00-9:00PM
GEETANJALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali features a wide range of music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the 1990's, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, folk songs, etc.

THE SHOW 10:00PM-1:00AM Strictly Hip Hop — Strictly Underground — Strictly Vinyl With your hosts Checkmate, Flip Out & J Swing on the 1 & 2's.

THE CHILL-OUT ROOM 1:00-4:00AM Sit back, relax, and enjoy the mellow sounds of the Chill-Out Room. Hosted by DJ Dexter.

MONDAYS

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brown-brothers, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge and ambience.

SOUPE DU JOUR 1:00-3:00PM Feeling a little french impaired? Francophone music from around the globe, sans Celine Dion.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 3:00-4:00PM endeavour to feature dead air, verbal falterance [only when I speak], a work of music by a twentieth-century composer — can you say minimalist? — and whatever else appeals to me. Fog and dyke positive.

Mail in your requests, because I am not a human answering machine.

EVI VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph! Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.

BBC WORLDNEWS SERVICE 5:00-5:30PM

BIRDWATCHERS 5:30-6:00PM Join the Sports department for their eye on the 1-birds.

POLYFILLER alt. 6:00-7:00PM

HIP HOP HAVOC 7:00-9:00PM

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-severe Gavin Walker. Features of 11.

Sept 7: Saxophone great Branford Marsalis' Crazy People Music.

Sept 14: The magnificent Cannonball Adderly hosted [with Yusuf Lateef] in Japan.

Sept 21: Cannonball Adderly again narrating An History of Jazz.

Sept 28: The Art Ensemble of Chicago's Full Force.

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-4:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts — thank fucking Christ.

TUESDAYS

J-POP WONDERLAND 6:30-8:30 AM Japanese early morning imports hosted by Shin.

AROUND THE MIDDLE EAST IN AN HOUR 8:30-9:30AM Middle Eastern music for your morning drive.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Torrid trash-rock, sleazy surf-and-pub-rock/punk provide the perfect

scissor kick to your head every Tuesday morn. There's no second chance when KungFu is used for evil with drunken fist

Bye. Killya!!!

AUDIO SPROCKET alt 11:30AM-1:00PM

TRAGIC ANIMAL STORIES alt 11:30AM-1:00PM

COLONEL SANDER'S HIDEOUT 1:00-2:30PM

ETHER TABLE 2:30-3:30PM

LADY DEATHSTRIKE'S BENTO 3:30-5:00PM Power to the people! Feminist news, hip-hop tracks, lesbianic rock and sushi galore!

BBC WORLDNEWS SERVICE 5:00-6:00PM

RADIO ACTIVE 5:30-6:00PM Activism, issues and fucking up the corporate world that be.

SAREGAMA 6:00-7:00PM

Featuring traditional [classical, light and folk] and contemporary South-Indian music.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00-9:00PM Meet the unheard where the unheard and the hardies of hardly heard are heard, courtesy of host Dale Sawyer. Heard up! New music, independent bands.

LA BOMBA 9:00-10:00PM La Bomba [the bomb] explodes with the best salsa and merengue, with your

papi DJ Papilicious.

WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Noise, ambient, electronic, hip-hop, free

jazz. Christian better living LP's, the occasional amateur radio play, whatever.

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Join Greg in the love den for a cocktail. We'll

hear retro stuff, groovy jazz, and thicker stuff too. See you here... and bring some ice.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00AM-VERY LATE Warning: This show is moody and unpredictable. It encourages

insomnia and may prove to be haz-

	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
6							
7	BBC	BBC	J - p o p wonderland	suburban jungle	The Greek Show	caught in the red	BBC
8							
9	are you serious? music	Breakfast with the Browns	around the middle east	Spike's Musical Pins and Needles	Reel Music	One LOVE	THE SATURDAY EDGE
10			third time's the charm		Filibuster	Ska-t's Scenic Drive	
11		T.B.A.	Tragic Animal Stories/ Audio Sprocket	BOTH SIDES			
12				love sucks	CANADIAN LUNCH	These are the breaks	Wonderland
1	ROCKERS SHOW	Soupe du Jour	Colonel Sander's Hideout	Steve and Mike		little Twin Stars	POWER CHORD
2			THE ETHER TABLE	Sugarcube Factory	Onomatopoeia		
3				motor daddy	FLEX YOUR HEAD	NARDWUAR & noiz	Lucky Scratch
4	WIRELESS/ BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	The Meat-Eating Vegan	LADY DEATHSTRIKE'S BENTO				
5		evil vs. good					
6	LIPLOSS AND CIGARETTES	BBC Worldnews	NOOZE Radio Active	BBC Worldnews Rachel's Song	BBC Worldnews entertainment desk	NOOZE	hearsay
7	QUEER FM	polyfiller	SAREGAMA	SOLID STATE	Out For Kicks	Far East Side Sounds/ African Rhythms	RADIO FREE AMERICA
8		hip hop havoc	the unheard music	and sometimes why/ mary tyler moore show	on air with greased hair		SYNAPTIC /ANDWICH
9	Hello India		LA BOMBA	Folk Oasis	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	home base	live at the hi-hat
10	GeetaNali	THE JAZZ SHOW	Venus Flytrap/ witchdoctor highball	str8 outta jallundar	Slippery Slot / Groove Jumping		Pipe Dream
11	THE SHOW (hiphop)						
12		VENGEANCE IS MINE!	AURAL TENTACLES	HANS/ KLAUS/MISERY HOUR	Plutonian Nights	LIP SINK/ DEAD AIR	Soul Tree/ Earwax
1	The Chill-Out Room						
2							
3							
4							

ardous to your health. Listener discretion is advised. Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, synth, blues, and unusual rock.

WEDNESDAYS

SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM

A perfect blend of the sublime and absurd, with your refined and exotic hosts Jack Velvet and Carmen Ghia.

BOTH SIDES 10:00-12:00PM

Jose Luis discusses free trade and other issues in the Americas.

LOVE SUCKS 12:00-2:00PM

Music at work. [Cut up mixed genres — eclectic, electric included but not mandatory].

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM

"eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."

BBC WORLDSERVICE 5:00PM-5:30PM

RACHEL'S SONG 5:30-6:00PM Info on health and the environment. From recycling and conservation projects to diet, health, and consumption and sustainability in the urban context.

SOLID STATE alt. 6:00-7:30PM

Featuring the latest in techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Spotlights on local artists, ticket giveaways, & live performances. Hosted by MPath.

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM

barbara manning, jael r phelps, dub narcotic, suah ... these are a few of our fave-oh-whitties. la to la!

MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW alt. 7:30-9:00PM

Girl music of all shapes and sizes.

FOKUS OASIS 9:00-10:00PM

The show that's not afraid to call itself folk. Featuring the best in local and international acoustic-roots music: Singersongwriters, Cajun, Celtic and beyond!

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:00PM-12:00AM

Let DJ's Jindwa and Birdwa immerse you in radio-active Bhungra! "Chokk de phutay." Listen to all our favourite Punjabi tunes — remixes and originals. Broaazhi!

HANS KLAUS MISERY HOUR 12:00-4:00AM

Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.

THURSDAYS

THE GREEK SHOW 6:30-8:30 AM

REEL MUSIC 8:30-10:00AM Soundtracks and classical.

FILBUSTER 10:00-11:30AM

Part accordion-fingered musical meanderings, part experimental weirdness, with a little bad hill blood thrown in for good measure. This show is a genre-free zone.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM

From Torino to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage to Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM

Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby, funkazoid!

ONAMATOPOEIA 2:00-3:00PM

Comix. FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM Hardcore and punk rock since 1989.

www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/club/6479/

BBC WORLDSERVICE 5:00-5:30PM

ENTERTAINMENT DESK alt. 5:30-6:00PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM

No Bikenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM

Rock of rock & roll.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM

Local music from 9. Live bands from 10-11.

SUPPERY SLOT alt. 11:00PM-1:00AM

Farm animals, plush toys and Favourite Death. These are a few of my favourite things. It's all about shoots! the shit and rock n' roll, baby.

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-4:00AM

Late-night vinyl. Occasional skips. Cheers.

FRIDAYS

CAUGHT IN THE RED 6:30-8:30AM

Gorge rock and other things.

ONE LOVE 8:30-10:00AM

Anything and everything from the wonderful world of music, as long as harmonies can be sung, and the melodies be heard.

SKA-TS SCENE-IT DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM

Scotty and Julie, playing the music that gets them dancing and singing in the DJ booth... [no, really!]

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM

DJ Spice brings you a flipped up, treated out, full-on, funkified, sample heavy backbeat trip, focusing on anything with breakbeats, be it old school hip-hop jams, fresh drum and bass jump-ups, downtempo experimental trip-hop tracks, cold chillin' 70's soul cuts or crazy-ass white label electrofunk. Versatile at any style.

LITTLE TWIN STARS 2:00-3:30PM

Underground, experimental, indie and women. Jazz space rock at its finest.

NARDWAR THE HUMAN SERVICE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM

NOIZ 4:00-5:00PM selftitled.

BBC WORLDSERVICE 5:00-5:30PM

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

Sounds of the transpacific underground, from west java to east Detroit. Sound system operator, Don Chow.

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa & African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM

The original live mixed dance program in Vancouver. Hosted by DJ Noah, the main focus of the show is techno, but also includes some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJ's, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more are part of the flavour of homebass.

LIMP SINK alt. 12:00-6:00AM

Tobias' Paradigm Shift [rant, phone-in and kiss your mother with the guests].

DEAD AIR alt. 12:00AM-LATE

Exceptionally interesting girl talk.

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM

Music you won't hear anywhere else, studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways. 8-9AM: African/World

roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

J-POP WONDERLAND 12:00-1:00PM

Saturday edition! Once again, Shin brings you the Best of Japan.

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.

LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, crooners and tunesters in the blue degree. Blues and blues roots with your hosts Anna and AJ.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM

Join host Dave Emory and colleague Nip Tuck for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KFC (Los Angeles, Calif.).

LIVE! AT THE HI-HATTI alt. 10:00PM-1:00AM

"Live!" — shows and bands — admission \$6.00 — Performers are subject to change." Maximum Soul.

PIPEDREAM alt. 10:00-1:00AM

SOUL TREE alt. 1:00AM-DAWN

EARWAX alt. 1:00AM-DAWN "Little bit of drum, bit of bass and a whole lot of noise." Late-night radio soundclash destined to fasten your hard.

Zine lectures, phat experimental chunes, and the occasional tuntable symphony. "Maney, we'll rock you on 'til the break of dawn." — G. Smiley

CiTR
101.9 FM

W H O M
H O W

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101.9 FM

SHINDIG

FRIENDLY COMPETITION • JOKES-FOR-BEER • AMAZING PRIZES

ROUND 1

September 15th

Heat 16
Baked Alaska
42

September 22nd

Road Bed
Phyzah
Bounty Hunt & the Mutineers

September 29th

Mr. Underhill
Clover Honey
Citrus Concept

Music starts at 9:30 at the Railway Club

ALL MUSICAL STYLES ARE WELCOME! SEND DEMOS
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WHAT'S HAPPENING IN SEPTEMBER

FRI SEPT 4 Medicinal Compounds@Blinding Light; Alley Boys, Mr. Pink, Jet Set@Brickyard; EDM's New Dance@EDAM Theatre [303 E. 8th Ave.]; Strong Like Tractor, The Puritans, 60 Cycle Buzz@Columbia

SAT 5 CITR PRESENTS: WHISKYEYEWING, BOCEPHUS KING@Starfish; Medicinal Compounds@Blinding Light; Squirrel Nut Zippers, Bio Ritmo@Rage [early show 7:30pm]; Burning Spear, Al pha Yaya Diallo@Palladium; Cross Section Tour with Chris Simmonds, Mike Huckaby@Sonar; EDM's New Dance@EDAM Theatre [303 E. 8th Ave.]; Johnny Legend & his Rockabilly Bastards, The Reverberators@Piccadilly Pub; Krista Sheffield, Swag@Railway

SUN 6 Slurpee@Sonar; Cannibal Corpse, Angel Corpse@Starfish; Wastebegone CD release party@Marine Club

MON 7 The Blue Dahlia, They Won't Believe Me@Pacific Cinematheque; Jazz Fish@Naom

TUE 8 Waco Brothers, Circus in Flames@Starfish; Smith & Mighty, Rockers Hi-Fi@Sonar; Terry Glavin & Marie Annharte Baker reading@Robson Centre [750 Burrard]

WED 9 Stereotype@Chameleon, B.T.K., Joydrop@Starfish; The Carles@Piccadilly Pub; The Usual Suspects, Pulp Fiction@Norm Theatre [JBC SUB]; Notorious, The Blue Dahlia@Pacific Cinematheque

THUR 10 Mayhem Aquarium, MK Ultra, Greeneyed Jealousy@Starfish; EDM's New Dance@EDAM Theatre [303 E. 8th Ave.]; The Usual Suspects, Pulp Fiction@Norm Theatre [JBC SUB];

FRI 11 Closed Caption Radio, DSK, Glimmer@Starfish; EDM's New Dance@EDAM Theatre [303 E. 8th Ave.]; Species 2, Titanic@Norm Theatre [JBC SUB]

SAT 12 Green Room, Third Eye Tribe, DJ Mark One@Starfish; Phil Asher@Sonar; EDM's New Dance@EDAM Theatre [303 E. 8th Ave.]; Species 2, Titanic@Norm Theatre [JBC SUB]

SUN 13 BRANFORD MARSALIS@VANCOUVER PLAYHOUSE; SHOOT OUT [Women in Film & Video Vancouver's scavenger hunt. Call 685.1152 for more info.]; John Haveland reading@Kootenay School of Writing [112 W. Hastings]; Species 2, Titanic@Norm Theatre [JBC SUB]

MON 14 The Escape, Lola@Pacific Cinematheque; Larry Lovin Duo@Naom

TUE 15 CITR PRESENTS: SHINDIG! with HEAT 16, BAKED ALASKA, 42&RILWAY, CITR PRESENTS MISFITS, GUY SMILEY@Starfish; Ninja Tune 6 with Mixmaster Morris, Aman Tobin,

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE!

TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822 9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK" DEADLINE FOR THE OCTOBER ISSUE IS SEPTEMBER 18TH!

Space-time Continuum@Sonar; Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, Low@Fifth Avenue Theatre, Seattle [sold out]

WED 16 The Spinnies, Pepper Sonds@Starfish; Under the Skin, TwentyFourSeven@Starfish; The Mark's Wake@Pacific Cinematheque

THUR 17 Barstool Prophets, Splitting Adam, three-sixty@Starfish; Under the Skin, TwentyFourSeven@Ridge; Bronstein's Children, Shine@Pacific Cinematheque

FRI 18 Jar, Resurrection Mary, Strange Days@Starfish; Beauventure, Dixie's Death, Pool@Railway; Gone with the Wind@Ridge; Sliding Doors, Wild Things@Norm Theatre [JBC SUB]

SAT 19 The Smugglers 10th Anniversary party with The Hi-Fives, The Donnas@Starfish; Mark Farina@Sonar; Perfume Theatre@Chameleon; Gone with the Wind@Ridge; Sliding Doors, Wild Things@Norm Theatre [JBC SUB]

SUN 20 Drew Milne & Pete Smith reading@Kootenay School of Writing [112 W. Hastings]; Gone with the Wind@Ridge; Sliding Doors, Wild Things@Norm Theatre [JBC SUB]

MON 21 Scroopy Bitch Tour with Veda Hilla, Kinzie Starr, Oh Susanna@Richard's on Richards; Garbage, Girls Against Boys@Plaza Nations; Five Empty Cartridges, Private Party@Pacific Cinematheque

TUE 22 CITR PRESENTS: SHINDIG! with ROAD BED, PHYZZA, BOUNTY HUNTA AND THE MUTINEERS@Railway; New Local Works@Blinding Light

WED 23 El Vez, Captain Cook and the Nooka Sound@Palladium; Barry Elmes Quintet, David Occipinti Trio@Vancouver East Cultural Centre; The Professional, True Romance@Norm Theatre [JBC SUB]; New Local Works@Blinding Light

THUR 24 Bonnie Sie, Cross@Starfish; Saskatchewan film@20th anniversary tour@Blinding Light; The Professional, True Romance@Norm Theatre [JBC SUB]; The House of Pain, Homo Eroticus@Pacific Cinematheque

FRI 25 CITR PRESENTS: BUILT TO SPILL, MODEST MOUSE@Palladium [early show 8pm]; Tim Berne, Michael Formanek Duo@Western Front; Ray Forbes CD release party@Vancouver East Cultural Centre; The Big Hit, City of Angels@Norm Theatre [JBC SUB]

SAT 26 New Wave@Starfish; The Big Hit, City of Angels@Norm Theatre [JBC SUB]

SUN 27 The Church@Richard's on Richards; Garbage Can Art

Contest & Auction@Granville Island; The Big Hit, City of Angels@Norm Theatre [JBC SUB]

MON 28 Eagle Eye Cherry@Sonar

TUE 29 CITR PRESENTS: SHINDIG! with MR. UNDERHILL, CLOVER HONEY, CITRUS CONCEPT@Railway; Dave Davies & Ian Golan@South Hill Candy Shop

WED 30 Jim Black@Naom

THUR OCT 1 Ray Condo & His Ricochets@Railway; Lyndi Scott CD release party@Babalu [654 Nelson St. Free!]

FRI OCT 2 Ray Condo & His Ricochets@Railway

SPECIAL EVENTS

MUSIC WASTE '98

IT MAY BE A TERMINAL CITY/DROP D PRESENTATION, BUT WE'RE ALLOWED TO PLUG IT TOO, RIGHT? THIS ANNUAL INDEPENDENT MUSIC FESTIVAL RUNS FROM SEPTEMBER 10-12, 1998 AT VARIOUS VENUES AROUND VANCOUVER. CHECK IT OUT. YOU MAY DISCOVER YOUR NEW FAVOURITE LOCAL BAND.

VANCOUVER FRINGE FESTIVAL

THE 14TH ANNUAL FRINGE FEST RUNS FROM SEPT. 10-20, 1998 AT VARIOUS VENUES ON AND AROUND COMMERCIAL DRIVE. THERE WILL BE OVER 400 PERFORMANCES DURING THIS 10-DAY FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS. FIND A FESTIVAL GUIDE AT, ERM, STARBUCKS AND CALL 257.0366 FOR ADVANCE TICKETS.

VANCOUVER INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

CONTINUING WITH ITS USUAL THEMES OF DRAGONS AND TIGERS, CANADIAN IMAGES, CINEMA OF OUR TIME, ETC., THIS YEAR'S FEST ALSO FOCUSES ON THEMES OF MUSIC AND OF EXILE AND IMMIGRATION. RUNNING FROM SEPT. 25 TO OCT. 11, YOU HAVE NO EXCUSE TO NOT CATCH AT LEAST ONE FILM ...

AND COMING SOON: FIREWATER@STARFISH

[OCT. 4], JULIANA HATFIELD@STARFISH [OCT. 6], ANGELIQUE KIDJO@RICHARD'S [OCT. 11], CHARLES MCPHERSON QUARTET@STARFISH [OCT. 25]

VENUES • BARS • THEATERS • RESTAURANTS • RECORD STORES

The Abyss 315 E. Broadway [side entrance]
Anderson's Restaurant [Jazz on the Creek]
Anzo Club 3 W. 8th [Mount Pleasant]
Arts Hotline
Bassix 217 W. Hastings [at Cambie]
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston [Granville Island]
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th [at MacDonald]
Blinding Light 36 Powell St.
The Brickyard 315 Carrall St.
Café Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial [the Drive]
Café Vieux Montreal 317 E. Broadway [Mount Pleasant]
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville [Granville Mall]
Celebrities 1022 David [at Burrard]
Cellar Jazz Cafe 3611 W. Broadway [downstairs]
Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia [downtown]
Chen Centre for the Performing Arts 6265 Crescent Rd [UBC]
Club Mardi Gras 398 Richards St.
CN Imax Theatre 999 Canada Place
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia [at Cordova]
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville [Granville Mall]
Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova [Gastown]
Crosstown Theatre 316 W. Hastings [downtown]
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman [West End]
Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden Main Hall 578 Carrall St.
DVR 515 Davis [downtown]
Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova [at Main]
Food Not Bombs Vancouver
Frederic Wood Theatre [UBC]
Garage Pub 2889 E. Hastings [downtown]
Gastown Theatre 36 Powell [Gastown]
The Gate 1176 Granville [downtown]
Greg's Place 45844 Yole Rd. [Chilliwack]

888 6219
684 3777
876 7128
684 2787
689 7734
687 1354
732 5087
878 3366
685 3978
254 1195
783 1331
683 6099
689 3180
738 1959
669 0806
687 5007
682 4629
683 3573
681 1531
683 5637
669 7537
683 2201
662 3207
682 4388
689 0926
872 6719
822 2678
822 9634
684 MASK
688 8071
579 3334

The Grind Gallery 4124 Main [Mt. Pleasant]
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway [Kitsilano]
Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main [Mt. Pleasant]
It's A Secret 1221 Granville St. [downtown]
Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery [Pt. Grey]
Jupiter Cafe & Billiards 1216 [near Demson St]
La Quena 1111 Commercial [the Drive]
The Lotus Club 455 Abbott [Gastown]
Lucky's 3972 Main
Lux-A-Fair 1275 Seymour [downtown]
Mars 1320 Richards [downtown]
Maximum Blues Pub 1176 Granville [downtown]
Medioluna 1926 W. Broadway
Minors Pavilion 7191 Granville [Richmond]
Moon Base Gallery 231 Carrall St. [Gastown]
Noon Restaurant 2724 W. 4th Ave [Kitsilano]
Old American Pub 928 Main [downtown]
Orpheus Theatre Smith & Seymour [downtown]
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe [downtown]
Palladium [formerly Graedeland] 1250 Richards [downtown]
Paradise 27 Church [New West]
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville [Granville Mall]
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie [South Vancouver]
Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Pender [at Seymour]
Pitt Gallery 317 W. Hastings [downtown]
Play Theatre 881 Granville [Granville Mall]
Purple Onion 15 Water St. [Gastown]
Queen Elizabeth Theatre Hamilton & Georgia
Raffels Lounge 1221 Granville [downtown]
The Rage 750 Pacific Blvd. South [Plaza of Nations]
Railway Club 579 Dunsmyth [at Seymour]
Richard's On Richards 1036 Richards [downtown]

322 6057
738 3211
873 4131
688 7755
224 8007
251 6626
685 7777
875 9858
685 3288
230 MARS
688 8701
291 6864
683 6695
876 7463
879 9017
682 4171
689 0096
688 3312
488 1333
683 2004
681 8915
988 2473
254 9578
876 4165
738 7015
222 2235
872 2999
872 8337
669 2289
331 7909
685 6217
676 9343
874 4687
254 5858
732 4128
681 9253
738 3232



sonar



SEPT
TUE
08

LEVI'S SILVERTAB & K7! Records present
SMITH & MIGHTY/MORE ROCKERS
Original Bristol Drum'n'bass selectors
Vancouver debut! W/ DJ Ryan Lee
Adv tix \$9 - more @ the door

SEPT
TUE
15

**MIXMASTER MORRIS, AMON TOBIN,
SPACETIME CONTINUUM**
The Ninjas return with something for
everyone. Presented AstralWerks & NinjaTune
Adv tix \$10 - more @ the door

SEPT
THU
17

PRESHA w/ ANDY B
Massive drum'n'bass session every two weeks!
Room 2: Kilo-Cee's abstract beats
Doors 9pm \$5 after 10

SEPT
SAT
19

FEVER w/ MARK FARINA (SF)
T Bone & Luke welcome back Vancouver's
favourite son. Room 2: Dana O
Doors 9pm - \$8

SEPT
FRI
25

Pharsyde presents **CHERRY BOMBS w/
Q-BURNS ABSTRACT MESSAGE (FLA)**
Funky breaks from this Orlando Florida
Big Beat star! Residents Czech & Spun-K.
\$7 door

SEPT
MON
28

Universal Concerts presents
EAGLE-EYE CHERRY
Known more for his famous father &
sister, Cherry brings his folk-hop to Sonar.
280-4444 for tix

WED
3 **GRANDE**
R&B, Reggae, Hip Hop

THU
4 **LAUNCH**
Progressive electronic
w/ Pascal
Presha
Drum'n'Bass w/ Andy B
Kilo Cee in Room 2

FRI **cherry bombs**
Beats n' Breaks
SAT **FEVER**
House w/ T Bone
Luke & Dana O

66 WATER ST. Club: 603.6695 Office: 603.6527 Fax: 603.2552
Sound system by: Turbosound Visual styling by: URBAN

FREE B&B 10:00 WITH VALID STUDENT ID ON THURS, FRI & SAT
(SUBJECT TO CAPACITY & SPECIAL EVENTS)

Memberships available now Tix available in advance

chameleon

801 W. Georgia St., Vancouver, BC Tel: 669.0806

THURSDAYS WEEKLY	FRIDAYS WEEKLY
el famoso Gman & Rizk present the city's longest running hip-hop jam. DJ's: j-swing, gman, sean-ski, kilo-cee, flipout, luke, pete rubble, keno famore \$5 after 9	mo' funk collective With DJ Todd Omotami. The heaviest rhythm section in town. Band starts @ 9:30, dj from midnite to close.
SATURDAY SEPT 19	WEDNESDAY SEPT 23
perfume tree Local ambient electronic return to our tiny stage.	stereotype Four-turntablisties from S-Man, Vince, Justin & Ryan an experimental function for open minds.
\$6 after 9	No Cover
TUESDAY SEPT 29	
mark farina (sf) Alongside residents Todd, Mike & Jess.	
\$5 after 9	

MON: LATIN JAZZ
rumba calzada

TUES: HOUSE
park place

WED: MEXICO BOHIAN
stereotype
DOUBLE SIX
backroom gold

THURS: HIP HOP
el-Famoso

FRI: JAZZ/FUNK
MO FUNK
FRIDAYS

SUN: DRUMN'BASS
altight

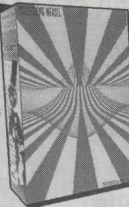


Start Your Day The Zulu Way!

SCREECHING WEASEL Television City Dream CD/LP

Fat Wreck's latest punk rockers offer a new take on destructive riff rock! **Television City Dream** is what punk rock for the new millennium is all about — loud, fast and out of control! So come on, hacker, introduce this new bug to your system!

\$16.96 CD \$12.98 LP



BELLE & SEBASTIAN The Boy With The Arab Strap CD/LP

Just as good as their critically acclaimed *If You're Feeling Sinister* release, this much anticipated record is well worth the wait! Set the tone for September, as **BELLE & SEBASTIAN**'s new fall colours are a stark mix of hazy baroque chords, "the meek shall inherit the earth" lyrics, and beautifully infectious instrumentation that should make you dance like a kid in a candy shop of pop! An instant Zulu fave, turn on this good thing!

\$16.96 CD \$12.98 LP

Available Sept 8th



REAL MCKENZIES

Clash Of The Tartans CD

The follow up their smash debut, these local tartan clad rebel rockers with an ex-charm for the Kojanes are back at it again — and in fine style no less. **Clash Of The Tartans** is a heavy hitting war cry for only the brave of heart, so if you up for it, join these drunken punk bards on their quest for the Holy Grail! Er... maybe they're just looking for a good party to crash! Cheers.

\$14.98 CD



RHEOSTATICS The Nightlines Sessions CD

Everyone's favorite Canadiana archivists serve up a new platter of hip jacks and maple syrup! Recorded live at **David Wisdom's Nightlines Show**, the charisma and charm of their unique musings shines through and through, as these classy patriots do the nation proud.

\$14.98 CD



ELLIOTT SMITH XO CD/LP

Everyone's favorite gold-hearted outsider has finally made it big! Some may be old fans of his brilliant *Cavity Search* and *Kill Rock* Stars are work, and some may be newer recruits of the *Good Will Hunting* variety, but all will be impressed by **XO**. Smith's charm and skill are well demonstrated on this major debut, chock-full of catchy, memorable pop tunes. Remember this name: **SMITH**.

\$16.98 CD \$16.98 LP

LAMBCHOP What One Man Spills CD

LAMBCHOP's odd, slow moving and thoroughly charming country soul can provide a delightful, sublime placidity in the listener. But, of course, their music is for more than dozing off to. Such soothing, large-band arrangements are best appreciated fully conscious. Wait till you hear their cool **Curtis Mayfield** cover. Lying prone or sitting comfortably are okay, though. Enjoy "down-tempo," Nashville style.

\$16.98 CD



BLONDE REDHEAD An Expression of the Inexpressible CD/LP

This deep thinking outfit stealthily comes on hard in very tight places. All *Sonic Youth* comparisons, finally, please) aside, **An Expression of the Inexpressible** confidently builds from the stirring *Fake Can Be Just As Good*.

Even paired down to an angst-ridden twin guitar and drums form, **BLONDE REDHEAD** are tactful, powerful and confident. Check their references: art, rock and theory in practice.

\$16.98 CD \$12.98 LP



UNKLE Psyence Fiction CD

Coming on like *Quincy Jones*, *James Lavelle* — the youthful, financially independent Mo' Wax boss — finally drops his much-anticipated *opus-bomb*. Assisted throughout by skilled technician *DJ Shadow*, and also featuring a pile of today's top stars — such as, *Richard Ashcroft*, *Thom Yorke* and *Mike Diamond* — this very hip vehicle stylishly complements the new *Star Wars* generation: big parts, even bigger beats. Yo, pick it up, you know your friends will too! It's also penes more.

\$16.98 CD

(Deluxe UK Versions Also Available: \$36.98 CD, \$39.98 2LP)

JESSAMINE Don't Stay Too Long CD/LP

Back in orbit, these experienced sonic travelers — altered by cosmic rays and musical adventures — take stock and produce a fine, more clearly pop album. And why not, we say. After being far-out for so long, a trip toward to melody and space-rock stuff, either. Really, we're just happy to be along for the ride. Welcome home.

\$16.98 CD \$14.98 LP



September's Healthy Breakfasts



1869 W 4th Ave.
Vancouver, BC
V6J 1M4
tel 738.3232

STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed 10:30-2:00
Thurs and Fri 10:30-9:00
Sat 9:30-6:30
Sun 12:00-6:00

FUCK Convey CD/LP

Introduce yourself to this much under-rated San Francisco pop combo, who know the real charm of an oddball take on the 4/4 beat.

Imagine, jazzy swing-fee songs with quirky arrangements and straight-up *Beach Boys* style harmonies—now we're talking **FUCK**. Don't get intimidated by the name, get excited! — after all there was already a great band called *The Shaggs*! So, chalk up another genre stirring release to Matador Records, this is a great new-pop record!

\$16.98 CD \$12.98 LP



Available Sept 8th

THE SMUGGLERS Growing Up a Smuggler CD

Imagine, who would have thought that 10 years ago when these local lads first started rocking our shores, that their pledge "serve, protect and entertain" would be life-long! Anyway, celebrate a decade of peacocks, wellingtons, and good of fun, with this *live in Madrid* release. As they say: "See you in the front row!"

\$16.98 CD



PLUS LOOK IN THE BOX FOR THESE!

88 FINGERS LOUIE • Back On The Streets CD/LP
BURGER/INK • Las Vegas CD/LP

P.W. LONG w/ REALFOOT • Push Me Again CD/LP
PLUSH • More You Becomes You CD/LP

PULLMAN • Turnstiles And Junkies CD/LP
SONIC YOUTH • Hold That Tiger CD

MIKE JOHNSON • I Feel Alright CD

LITHOPS • Uni Unit CD

IRRESISTIBLE FORCE • Nepalese Bliss CD-EP

GUTTERMOUTH • Live From The Pharmacy CD/LP

DEVOLVER • Affecting Automobiles... CD

BOB MOULD • The Last Dog + Pony Show (Ltd. 2 CD set)

NOCHIEBA • Part Of The Process CD-EP/12-inch

HIS NAME IS ALIVE • Can't Always Be Loved CD-EP

DIVINE COMEDY • Fin De Siecle CD

GUTTERMOUTH • Live At The Pharmacy CD

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& SAVE!**

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